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SPAIN IN TRANSITION

BY S. DE MADARIAGA

THE wave of unrest which is sweeping through the old Continent as a backwash of the war has reached Spain with particular energy. The government of Count Romanones has fallen after an attempt to prolong its existence by the suspension of constitutional guaranties (a measure wholly constitutional, however) in order to cope with outbreaks, actual or expected, in several parts of the country. Madrid, Barcelona, Valencia, Coruña, Granada, and the district of Córdoba have been successively or simultaneously the seat of popular riots which were sometimes suppressed by force, sometimes smoothed away by negotiation. And, at the time of writing, the situation is still anxious for the new government of Señor Maura, and obscure for the nation.

It is a very complex situation indeed, in which one might discern at least four different conflicts: one political, one regionalist, one industrial, and one agrarian. Government and people are caught in the mesh of prejudices, ideals, and interests, arising out of these four collective problems, and until all of them have received an adequate solution it would be vain to expect a more stable condition for the country.

In theory, Spain is a constitutional monarchy, very much on the lines of Great Britain or Italy. In practice, however, and owing to certain historical circumstances, the Spanish monarchy has evolved a type of its own. Liberalism came into Spain from France, and all through the nineteenth century it was inspired by French political literature. Therefore, until a relatively recent date, all the progressive elements in the country were republican, anti-clerical, and Jacobin. The monarchy was reduced to seeking a basis in the rural population. Now, the rural population, for several causes — among which, lack of proper communications and an insufficient standard of education are prominent — were politically passive. The result was a political system based on the predominance of local bosses, called in Spain *caciques*. The *cacique* keeps the constituency well in hand for the benefit of the government's candidate, and, in exchange, the government puts all the power of the State at the service of the local activities of the *cacique*.

The actual working of this system

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was, all through the Restoration, entrusted to a political machinery composed of two parties, namely, the Liberals and the Conservatives. No fundamental differences could be said to divide these two political organizations. The difference was merely one of personnel, and the relations between these two halves of the official shell were quite cordial. Their common policy consisted in the continuance of the ordinary business of State administration, the preservation of order, the defense of the monarchy against the republican element of the big towns, and such minor enterprises in legislation as might not disturb the peace of the oligarchy which they represented — namely, the military elements, the Church, the landowners, and finance.

It is this political system which is now being challenged, no longer by mere anti-monarchical fanatics, but by a wide circle of public opinion. *Caciquism*, even in its most objectionable forms, had to rest ultimately on the acquiescence of its own victims. The people of Spain have learned much during the last generation, and the war has accelerated a movement already noticeable in 1914, toward a higher level of public opinion and collective life. The case of Granada is a sign of the times. In February last, the people of Granada, unable to bear any longer the mismanagement of their municipal affairs by the local *cacique*, organized a mass demonstration which, unskillfully handled by the authorities (on the side of the *cacique*), led to rioting and the death of one student killed by the police. The situation developed in such a threatening manner that the government had to throw over the *cacique*. On receipt of this news, another gentleman who held a similar position in Seville suddenly felt such a distaste for politics that he announced to a delighted population his decision to withdraw from public life altogether. Thus, the monarchy is confronted with the death crisis of *caciquism*, that is to say, of the system which so far has been the key instrument of its actual working.

History and geography have naturally divided Spain into regions or 'kingdoms' with strong national characteristics. There were eleven such kingdoms before the evolution toward absolutism gradually did away with local liberties. The last of these regions to surrender their rights were Catalonia and the Basque provinces. They are also the first to raise their heads. The fact may be explained on racial grounds. Catalonia is peopled by a race whose character and language are much closer to the Provençal than to the Castilian. The Basques, on the other hand, are a race with a strong character of their own, and speak a language wholly unconnected, not only with Spanish, but with Latin, and perhaps even with Sanskrit. Another reason why Catalonia and the Basque provinces form the van of regionalism is that they are also in the van of economic and social development. Barcelona, the capital of Catalonia, and Bilbao, the metropolis of the Basque peoples are both familiar to British business men. Now regionalism is bound to wait on economic development, if only because, lacking economic wealth, the provinces have to depend for their livelihood upon the good pleasure of the Central Government.

As is to be expected, the movement presents quite a different aspect in Catalonia from that which distinguishes it in the Basque provinces. In Catalonia it is a more general movement, and, on the whole, it is inspired by a radical tendency, though it counts among its most eminent supporters many clerical bishops. It boasts of a considerable following among the work-

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ing classes. But in the Basque provinces, regionalism has a strong clerical flavor, the priests having realized the possibilities of local government in order to banish Spanish from the schools, and, therefore, keep the Basque-speaking peasants well out of the liberal danger. This aspect of Basque nationalism explains why the working classes remain inimical to it. Both in Catalonia and in the provinces there is a small minority of 'Sinn Fein' hotheads. But the overwhelming majority of Catalans are undoubtedly in favor of some sort of Home Rule on the lines of the now obsolete German Imperial Constitution, while in the Basque provinces it is doubtful whether the principle of Home Rule would secure a clear majority over the Unionist opinion. Other kingdoms begin to show signs of regionalism, notably Aragon, which is quickly acquiring economic wealth, both industrial, thanks to the exploitation of the coal mines to the south of Zaragoza, its capital, and agricultural, owing to extensive irrigation works on the slopes of the Pyrenees. In Galicia regionalism takes the form of agrarian coöperation, and in Asturias there have been some interesting efforts at uniting regionalism with the Syndicalist activities of which the Asturian coal district is the centre.

Needless to say, the Central Government and system have been against Home Rule in so far as it represents a reform of the constitution. Two reasons and one sentiment block the way. The reasons are (1) that once the principle of constitutional reform is admitted many of the privileges of the Crown which are stipulated in it would certainly disappear; and (2) that the growth of local authorities would certainly weaken *caciquism*, at least as an instrument of the Central authority. The sentiment arises out of the claims of Catalan to become the official language of the Catalan State, which are interpreted in Castile as an attempt against the sovereignty of the nation. Feeling is high on this question, particularly in conservative circles and in the army.

The broad lines of this question are the same in Spain as abroad. The workpeople want a greater proportion of the fruits of industry and a greater share in the management. There are, however, two circumstances which apply particularly to Spain, and make her case still more difficult. One is that a considerable proportion of employers are limited companies whose directing bodies reside abroad. This circumstance introduces into labor questions a national consideration together with difficulties of international law. The second circumstance is that the division between Syndicalists and Socialists is perhaps more acute in Spain than in another country There is a Socialist party, fairly well organized, and led by a mixture of intellectuals and union officials. The Socialist party has successfully organized some industries such as railways, but of late much wind has been taken out of its sails by the activities of Syndicalist leaders in Catalonia and in Asturias. In their quiet but very effective way the Syndicalist leaders seem to have succeeded in organizing considerable numbers of workers in all industries, a success in which they have perhaps reaped the crop of years of propaganda by their hard-working rivals. Syndicalism appeals more to the national character, extremely individualistic as it is, than Marxism. The headquarters of the organization are in Barcelona, and as a proof of its vitality it recently stopped the life of the town and forced the government to grant the demands of their members.

Syndicalism has spread rapidly in

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the agricultural regions of the South. The land could not have been better prepared for it by generations of misgovernment. A country of communal tenures, Andalusia has gradually become the paradise of big landlords through the working of *caciquism*. Huge tracts of land, often devoted to the uneconomic use of breeding bulls for the arena, or for hunting, are owned by a handful of rich, absentee proprietors, and for a long time, the peasants, reduced to the status of proletarian workers, were shamefully underpaid. To-day, their grievance is not one of salary. They are 'up against' the landlord. They have heard of the emancipation of the Russian peasant and they want to taste the pleasure of working for themselves on their own land.

Such is the situation. What are the remedies suggested?

The republican party repeats its parrot cry: A revolution, and a change of régime. This party has lost much of its old force. It has been advocating a revolution ever since 1875, with the result that one takes it as a matter of course in Spain that republican revolutions are mere figures of speech. Men, nowadays, who believe in revolutions at all no longer limit their ambitions to substituting a top hat for a crown.

Both the Conservative and the Liberal parties have split up during the war into several groups. On the Conservative side, Señor Maura, the new Premier, belongs to the extreme Right. Despite his haughty claims, he does not represent a higher political value than the rest of the politicians of the monarchical system. He is a good speaker, but his policy is vague save in educational questions, in which he is frankly clerical. Señor Cierva is a political adventurer, whose career is due to his former chief, Señor Maura. The name of Señor Cierva often occurs in connection with schemes for a 'strong hand' policy. He is the darling of the militarist officers. A barrister of moderate intellect, enormous capacity for work, and great will power, he has shown greater talents for administration than for political leadership.

The bulk of the Conservative forces, however, stand behind Señor Dato, who claims to deserve the sympathy of labor on the strength of several well-meaning welfare laws. But Señor Dato and his party are mere political representatives of the vested interests which are bound to suffer from any measures of real reform, and their programme on these matters seems ultimately to rely on force and the upholding of 'social authority.'

On the Liberal side, the most numerous group is headed by Señor Garcia Prieto (Marqués de Alhucemas), a faithful servant of the Crown, but a man whose political capacity is far below the needs of the hour. There is a small but active section which follows Señor Alba, a young politician with ambition but without ideas or idealism, and a larger minority still loyal to the late Prime Minister, Count Romanones, undoubtedly the ablest public man within the 'official' parties. Count Romanones can *see* a situation. He seems to have been the only official politician to understand that labor questions can no longer be dealt with by means of artillery. But his natural tendency and his political training have made of him a cunning politician rather than a master in statesmanship.

All the 'official' parties suffer from the utter discredit in which they have fallen after years of drifting and *caciquism*. Signs of a vigorous revival are to be noticed in every sphere of the national life. The most typical example is perhaps the appearance of several newspapers well organized and

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edited and aiming at an independent interpretation of an enlightened public opinion, and the creation of great publishing firms ready to satisfy the rapidly growing demand for books. But these are only picked examples of a movement which is general. Industry, agriculture, education, the arts, every aspect of national life is teeming with a new spirit. Only official politics lag behind for fear of offending the pillars of law and order, the Church and the army. The people no longer trust the old personnel. It is not so much new laws as new legislators that they want.

Nor is the instrument for such a renovation entirely lacking. In 1912 the necessity for a new party which, while accepting the principle of the monarchy, would demand guaranties of a democratic rule under the Crown, was recognized by a brilliant minority of intellectuals, functionaries, and social reformers. Since then, the 'Reformist party' has been calling at the gates of the official citadel without much success. Many a time it has been the object of solicitations which were refused because they were not accompanied by the necessary guaranties demanded as a token of earnest: in particular, a change in the constitution in favor of religious freedom and the curtailment of the privileges of the Crown. But this long period of waiting has at least succeeded in investing the Reformist party with a moral authority nowadays recognized even by its enemies both of the Right and of the Left. Whether the Reformist party will be given the opportunity for using it or not depends almost entirely on the Crown. For, short of a revolution, the only force with political initiative under the system of *caciquism*, is in the institution which elects the Prime Minister, and, through him, the House.

Everyman

SOME REMARKS ON THE LEAGUE

BY PROFESSOR GILBERT MURRAY

It is interesting to learn that, contrary to many expectations, the Covenant of the League of Nations has not been one of the hardest but one of the easiest of the problems set before the Peace Conference. At least the League of Nations Commission seems to have been the first to send in its report, and its report has met with the overwhelmingly favorable criticism. This is in part due to the fact, only recently published, that the proposals for a League of Nations were drawn up a long time ago, under the Asquith Government, and had been long and carefully studied before the Peace Conference began. But in part it is due to something quite different. The fact is that, theoretically considered, the Covenant of a League of Nations *in vacuo* is not hard to draw. Probably a large number of my readers have tried their hands at such a draft and been surprised to find how well they agreed with one another. The difficulties come almost entirely from the

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fact that the Covenant we need must not be drawn *in vacuo*. It has to be made in the midst of historical and economic entanglements, material difficulties, and human passions, which must indeed weaken its power and to some extent deflect its purpose, but which act even more directly and fiercely upon most of the other divisions of the Peace Settlement.

I will not add to the number of detailed criticisms on the text of the Covenant. Excellent examples can be found in this Review and in the publications of the League of Nations Union. Obviously, the present Covenant is not the ideal Covenant which we should make if we were quite free, with no obstacles to check us. I know what can be said against it: It is no true 'League of Nations' at all, only a League of the Conquerors in the present war. It establishes no international parliament, no body representative of the various currents of tendencies and opinion in the different nations, currents which make for international concord because they divide men on other lines than those of nationality. Like the 'Old Diplomacy,' it appoints men merely to represent their national interests. It establishes no international tribunal; it makes no arrangement for international legislation or the codification of international law; it defines no new international Rights of Man. Even its military obligations are timid, since there is no definite obligation to make war on an offender who breaks the Covenant. These charges are all more or less true; but I am convinced that in each case the Commission has gone just about as far as it was wise to go, stopping short of the point at which either some great nation would have refused to join the League, or else where the present state of Europe made impartial action impossible. And, further, from all that has come out as to the amendments to be accepted, it is clear that the 'general will' of the Commission has been steadily and almost eagerly directed toward improvements in detail in the present document and toward every safe suggestion that opens the way toward a full and complete League of Nations hereafter. No door has been locked or barred against humanity.

In the meantime, what is already achieved is a very great thing; and when the Germans and Russians are in the League as members of the Council — for to admit them as 'Little Powers,' and, therefore, Leaders of the Little Powers, would be courting disaster — the thing achieved will be great and wonderful beyond the ordinary range of human hopes.

Of course it would be a mistake to regard the League of Nations as embodying any high and romantic ideal of brotherly love toward all mankind. I do not necessarily love a man because I am ready to go to law with him. What it should embody is a will to Justice, a rejection of force and fraud, and a wish to extend the reign of law. A believer in the League is not bound to embrace a Hottentot or to regard Mr. Hughes as a brother. He must only be resolved to avoid force and fraud in his dealings with either. And though the weak, if conscious of their weakness, will generally accept such a proposal, it is a great deal to ask of the strong — especially in international matters.

And what makes it harder is that the demand is made at such a time. It comes at the end of a great war which was also, in the general opinion, a great crime. Also the criminal is the beaten party, so that the ill-will with which he is regarded is not tempered by considerations of prudence or fear. It would be a strain on human nature for the conquerors to offer him a just

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settlement; and almost more of a strain for him to believe that any settlement they did offer was just. If only the Allies could surprise the Germans by their clemency, or the Germans astonish the Allies by their penitence and saintliness — but neither eventuality appears probable.

One must not imagine that the great masses of Belgians, Frenchmen, Italians, Serbs, Czechs, Englishmen, etc., are particularly wicked. Like the Milesians of old they are emphatically not wicked, they only act — or talk — as if they were. Most people at ordinary times have no international morals to speak of. When one nation does a great injustice to another it is mostly only the 'intellectuals,' and the intellectuals of the poorer classes, who show any tenderness of conscience about it. The attitude of the ordinary *bête humaine* is that of Mr. Bottomley and Lord Birkenhead. And now these *bêtes humaines*, in great multitudes, have really been wronged; all of them have suffered, some have suffered atrociously, through the action of the enemy, an action which really was extremely wicked, and which the organized mendacity of war has represented as incredibly devilish. To get such people at such a time to assent to a real League of Nations is like asking a dog to make friends with a smaller dog who has just bitten him on the sly. It can be done, but it needs skill and patience.

The criticisms passed upon the Covenant of the League, apart from drafting or points of detail, seem to me generally to be based on the critics' own fears or hopes of the operation of this unknown factor which will inform or interpret any Covenant that can be made. The Covenant is so drawn that it can be shaped into either of two things, a true League of Nations for the 'establishment of Public Right as the common law of Europe,' or a mere League of Conquerors to avoid quarrelling over the plunder. And this second alternative, again, includes two possibilities. Suppose circumstances should make a true League impossible — which has at all times been a case to bear in mind — a League of such nations as are willing and able to abolish war between themselves and decide their differences by arbitration is quite a League worth having. It is all to the good that any nations at all should submit themselves to such Covenants. But, I quite admit, there is one form which such a League might take — which some people in France, and even in England, desire it to take — which for profound wickedness would perhaps rival anything known to history. It might become an armed League of the Conquerors for the purpose of holding in permanent misery and servitude a large part of civilized mankind. The articles in some French newspapers on the desirability of deliberately starving Central Europe by means of the blockade until both physical health and political coherence are finally lost; even the '*Tant mieux!*' of an otherwise sane and decent man at hearing of the starvation of German and Austrian babies, illustrates the tendency that I mean.

Now, which tendency is going to prevail? That is the question that still racks with doubt the minds of many people. There is nothing morbid in this anxiety. Often in the war the thing that happened was worse than our worst fears had suggested, and that has taught us to range widely in our conception of possibilities. But I do believe personally that, doubtless, with some inconsistencies and meannesses and drawbacks, the Covenant that is now on the point of acceptance will really justify itself as an act of extraordinary greatness, in interna-

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tional matters the Magna Charta of mankind.

For this belief I would suggest three grounds, two very simple, one not so. First, some of the main authors of the League are sincere and strong men and mean business, and have great power in their hands; secondly, the Covenant itself has been steadily improving in its range and purpose, though not always in clearness of draughtsmanship, since the first sketches of it were printed some years ago. It has been exposed to many various influences, and, on the whole, it has grown better, and not worse. Thirdly — well, my third point must be a question rather than a statement.

Whence does this movement for a League of Nations derive its strength? Its political enemies are predominantly in power, its friends reduced to impotence. The whole tendency of thought to which it belongs — free trade, pacificism, internationalism, the desire for fair play toward other nations — is down in the very depths of unpopularity. And yet, apparently, the League is coming to pass. How does this happen?

Some of the contributory reasons are plain enough. Mere prudence, and the desire on economic grounds to avoid a 'next war,' at any rate for a time. The practical difficulties of the world-settlement, which are often insoluble except by international action. The interests established by the various international controls and anxiety about the future of the world's raw material. And so on, and so on. But after all, the real parallel to the League of Nations is the movement which achieved the abolition of the Slave Trade by the Congress of Vienna. The Great Powers at that Congress did not care about the abolition of the slave trade; not Austria, nor Russia, nor Prussia, nor France, nor most members of the Government in England. But public opinion in England, an absolutely disinterested and sincere public opinion, with an irrefutable moral cause behind it, was profoundly stirred, and the Parliamentary Opposition was formidable. So the government pressed Castlereagh, and Castlereagh overbore the Conference. And the disinterested conscience of some few millions of unrepresented and uninfluential people somehow swept the world. There is such a thing as a practical homage of vice to virtue; not mere hypocrisy, but something more; a sort of shamefaced and unwilling obedience to the thing that is right, even if you dislike it and it has not much visible power. Obstacles have given way before the League of Nations movement in a surprising way, and it looks as if Mr. Wilson was within the bounds of psychological fact when he speaks of the ultimate and compelling power of the conscience of the world.

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THE PROBLEMS OF BELGIUM

BY EMILE CAMMAERTS

THE British public is kept sufficiently well informed on Belgian affairs to understand the discontent prevailing in that country. Whatever reproach may be addressed to the Belgian Government it is not that of keeping the Allied nations in the dark. Three months ago the Belgian Prime Minister gave a genuine and frank statement on the situation. It amounted briefly to this. The country's industries were ruined and the State lacked credit to restore them; 800,000 workmen were kept in forced idleness and their families living on relief. The main activity of the country was thus completely paralyzed, and instead of reaping the benefit of a victory which she had bought so dearly, Belgium was hardly better off economically than when she was under German rule. We are told now that she will not sign the Peace Treaty unless she receives at least some securities allowing her to begin the heavy work of economic reconstitution. It seems a foregone conclusion. No democratic government would dare to act otherwise and to take the responsibility of sealing the fate of their people.

I have just come back from Belgium and had many opportunities of speaking with people belonging to all classes and parties and, what is more useful still, of watching them while they talked together. I was deeply struck by the change which had taken place since the armistice. The immense majority was then full of hope in the future and of gratitude to the Allies. Four years of moral misery and physical privations had been wiped out as by the touch of a magic wand. If anybody expressed anxiety he was scornfully silenced. The hated 'Boches' had gone. The Belgians were now among powerful friends who had promised again and again to restore them to their full political and economic independence. Within a few weeks reconstruction would begin. The idle workers would rebuild their shops, trade would revive and the Antwerp docks would be filled with ships bringing raw material and foodstuffs and taking away the first products of Belgian industry. France as far as possible, but specially Great Britain and America, who had already given such splendid proofs of their kindness and generosity, would see to that. Belgium had made the great sacrifice; she had stood the ordeal for four years. Now was the time for reaping her reward.

Whether such hope was sensible, whether it was justified by the internal conditions of the great nations who had also stood the strain of a long and cruel struggle, does not matter for the present. The fact is that the Belgians, who had been cut off from the rest of the world, could not think otherwise than they did. All news which they had received during the war pointed to that conclusion. All the declarations of British, French, and American statesmen which had reached them through Allied propaganda confirmed them in that belief. Popular fancy saw King Albert play-

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ing a foremost part in the deliberations of the Peace Conference. Belgium, who had been the first victim of German aggression, would be the first to see her wounds healed. Her legitimate demands would be satisfied. Her interests would stand foremost in the deliberations of the Allied statesmen in 1919, just as her sacrifice stood foremost in the admiration of the Allied world in 1914. Had such illusions been even partly fulfilled in December last the people would have set to work to the last man to make up for lost time. No nation was more loyal to her government and to the Allied world than Belgium on the morrow of the armistice. Nowhere else was Bolshevism more remote from the mind of the people.

For several weeks this enthusiasm was kept up through rejoicings and festivities, the Allied troops receiving everywhere the most enthusiastic welcome. Then gradually the people realized that their position did not alter. Prices went down slightly, but life remained three or four times as expensive as it had been in pre-war times. War damage could not be paid, destroyed workshops remained empty, and while idling in the streets people began to ask themselves why they were kept destitute while their army was marking time on the Rhine. The government, of course, was first criticized, but Ministers had no difficulty in showing that they were paralyzed for lack of funds. Out of £100,000,000 so urgently required they had only received grants for £9,000,000 from England. From Paris also news was unsatisfactory. Belgium did not receive, according to public opinion, the representation she deserved; the discussion of her claims was postponed from month to month. She was placed on the same footing as other minor nations, some of whom had never suffered through the war. She was treated 'as a poor relation.' A committee was sent to Brussels to take measures to feed the enemy, and some people bitterly remarked that if Belgium were to be threatened with Bolshevism she might receive closer attention. The chiefs of industry were not allowed to repay themselves in equivalent German machines, but were obliged to trace their stolen goods in the Vaterland, most of them giving up hope of ever being able to recover them. And the contrast between the prosperous industries of the Rhine country and the silent districts of Liege and Hainaut was insisted upon in every paper.

The financiers are now anxious owing to the enormous stock of unredeemed marks on the hands of the government and to the extraordinarily low exchange of the franc. The chiefs of industry clamor for machines and raw materials. The merchants complain that undue restrictions are put by Allied Governments on imports and exports, some neutrals receiving better treatment than Belgium, and the workmen, when by any chance work can be found for them, refuse to accept the pre-war wages, which have become totally inadequate. Local strikes have broken out even among government officials in order to obtain an increase of war bonus. And in spite of the patriotic attitude of the great majority of Socialists, Bolshevism, which was non-existent six months ago, is now rampant in more than one district.

With regard to the feeling toward the Allies, it is no use to blind one's self to the harm that has been done. 'King Albert,' it is said, 'who ought to be at the head of the Conference table, is now obliged to plead our cause.' The choice of Geneva was greeted with laughter. 'Of course, now that the war is over we are no longer of any

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use. We were great Belgium four years ago. We are small Belgium again to-day.'

To those who know how unfair they are, such statements are particularly painful to hear; but it has become almost impossible to contradict them. If we follow past events with some understanding, if we realize the tragic position in which the country is placed, we must admit that the uneducated masses are sure to jump to such hasty conclusions. This state of mind in an impoverished country, with an empty exchequer, is becoming daily more dangerous. No words will alter it, and if action is to be taken it is high time that all the true friends that Belgium still possesses should join hands to bring it about.

Nothing would be more harmful than to consider the recent declarations of the Belgian delegates as exaggerated, and to think that using the old diplomatic device they ask too much in order to obtain at least their due. On the contrary, these statements are couched in very moderate language, and public opinion expresses itself in a much stronger style. The whole nation is behind the government in this affair. It is a question of life or death.

The Observer, May 4

DURING MUSIC

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

O RESTLESS fingers — not that music make!
Bidding old griefs from some dim past awake,
And pine for memory's sake.

Those strings thou call'st from quiet sweet to yearn,
From other hearts did hapless secrets learn,
And thy strange skill will turn

To uses that thy bosom dreams not of;
Ay, summon from their dark and dreadful grove
The chanting, pale-cheeked votaries of love.

Stay now, and hearken! From that far-away
Cymbal on cymbal rings, the fierce horns bray,
Stars in their sapphire fade, 't is break of day.

Green are those meads, foam-white the billow's crest,
And Night, withdrawing in the cavernous West,
Flings back her shadow on the salt sea's breast.

Snake-haired, snow-shouldered, pure as flame and dew,
Her strange gaze burning slumbrous eyelids through,
Rises the Goddess from the wave's dark blue.

The Saturday Westminster Gazette

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THE VICTORIAN GIRL

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

THE Victorian girl was a dear and delicate creature. You shall find her in the pages of Jane Austin and Mrs. Gaskell: in the illustrations of Miss Greenaway and Mr. Hugh Thomson of Lerch and Millais. She was at her very perfection *circa* 1840. She belonged to the great English middle class which overlaps at one end into the aristocracy. She must have begun to be after the French Revolution, for there was no stirring of wildness in her blood, or at least it was held in stern repression under a dove-like exterior. She was the direct descendant of the little ladies who in the eighteenth century were called Mrs. Prissy and Mrs. Pam. Her little heart was fluttered for the beautiful young men who wore side whiskers and tall bearskin busbies and went to the Peninsular War. That was the beginning of her, and she was as sweet and dainty and demure a thing as a lavender primula. Lavender was her color. Not yet had arrived the white muslin and blue ribbons of the later Victorian girl, an attire which stirred the romance in the heart of Victorian youth so that he thought of his goddess as so arrayed even in the depths of winter. The dear, delightsome Early Victorian Miss wore white muslin indeed — but with a tippet of fur and a beaver bonnet. Her eyes had the soft purple blue of the lavender she laid away between her muslins and her flowered silks. She had her little hands in a muff, and her frilled skirts barely reached her silk-clad ankles. Her little shoes were not made for walking, and were held on her feet by crossed bands of elastic.

Of course she died in appalling numbers. She was dying through the eighteenth century. That age of the memoirist gives us some poignant passages of the dying of dear youth. A little cough and a flare in the cheeks; a sudden over-brightness of the lavender-blue eyes, and Miss was on the road from which not the Bath, nor the Wells, should save her. A group of little girls, frail as wind-flowers, stealing away into the shadows, haunts you as you close some of the sprightliest pages.

When they survived the muslin frocks and the sandals and all the rest of it they married in their early teens, produced a prodigious number of children, became wonderfully efficient housekeepers, and were adored by their men-folk. What power they had in the world they wielded through their men-folk. But with rare exceptions their influence hardly counted beyond the home circle. There were abominable cruelties. The sufferings of children in factories and mines, the terrible conditions of prisons and madhouses, the savagery of the law: none of these things reached the gentle, the adored creature.

She evolved as the Victorian days went on. The Queen herself was a pattern of the domestic virtues. She was the handmaid of her husband while keeping all the power in her own hands. Her court was clean and rigid almost to a fault. Few monarchs, one imagines, can have had so great an influence on their time as she. Her picture hung in English Victorian houses: her very presence might have been there so permeating was her influence.

Protestantism and Queen Victoria together hedged England round with artificial barriers. The mid- and later-Victorian girl was, I think, less charming than her predecessor, because despite the barriers she was restless. She was in process of evolution even if there were few signs of revolution. She lived at home: that was the *sine qua*

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non; only one future was open to her, and of that she dreamed more perhaps than was good for her. She was treated in fact, as in fiction, as though she were a wax doll. She tended to have much less efficiency than her mother because she was growing dissatisfied. The natural girl in her made strange excursions under the unconscious eyes of her well-satisfied parents and guardians.

The fiction of those days neglected her as she neglected the fiction. Since she could not yet escape, but was stirring uneasily, her hero was the 'fast' man: in our days we should call him a man with a past. He began with Rochester and went on to Guy Livingstone and his fellows. That was one aspect of him — the strong man. In the other aspect you get him in Ouida and Miss Broughton. A few women's novels gave away the secret that the Victorian girl's ideal man was a scamp. I imagine Steerforth stirred her more than David Copperfield: and virtue as in Trollope's novels and *Vanity Fair* was dull. One or two women novelists again revealed the astounding psychological fact that a saintly woman could be drawn irresistibly by a blackguard, while virtue left her cold.

It was the fault of the swaddling bands in which women were enclosed. The startling and dreadful facts of life were hidden from them with the result that, escaped from the conventional atmosphere of home, they were unfit to guard themselves in the world. If all the world had been able to marry, if every Jill could have had her Jack, it might have worked. As it was the sheltered women lived on, with no great vitality but yet lived, while the men went out and got killed in one way or another, so that the number of women grew out of all proportion.

From, roughly, about 1870, the revolution came by almost imperceptible stages. The emancipation of earning came to the women who had always been earned for by the male. When Tennyson wrote the *Princess* he put rose-colored blinkers on the fact that women were going out to earn their bread by teaching, and teaching efficiently, so that they must be trained for it. All through the Victorian era nursing, for which a woman is naturally fitted, was practically left to the women of the lower classes. Later than the seventies, much later, young ladies did poker-work and berlin-wool work and crewel work to fill their empty hours. Good Heavens! What an occupation for women with souls.

The æsthetic movement, overlaid with absurdities as it was, threw these monstrosities into the dust-bin, and so perhaps sent the empty hands to looking for some better occupation. The bicycle was one of the keys of the new state. But perhaps after all it was the preponderance of the woman that forced woman out into the world. If the sexes had been equal, and if the war had not come the Georgian girl might yet have been sitting at home dreaming of the scamp who should be her mate.

The New Witness

HERR VON JAGOW EXPLAINS

BY THEODOR WOLFF

[Editorial Note: This article, reprinted from the *Berliner Tageblatt* of May 1, is a review of Von Jagow's just published book *Causes and Outbreak of the World War.*]

Herr von Jagow was still on his honeymoon when Graf Hovos, July 5, 1914, appeared in Berlin with the letter of the Emperor Franz Josef, which announced great deeds. He returned the next day, and it cannot be certainly stated how far he participated

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in the answer to the letter. Obviously the answer, with no limiting clauses, was that we stood 'faithfully by Austria,' and there were no guaranties demanded for a moderate use of this undertaking, nor conditions laid down for our assistance. In all that happened after July 6, after Germany's policy had been determined, Herr von Jagow, in so far as these things did not take place in backgrounds invisible even to him, coöperated very actively. Unfortunately, in his book he once more passes rather swiftly over several particularly important points. He reports that he declared to the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, who brought him the ultimatum to Serbia, that he found it 'very sharp,' and that it seemed to him to go 'beyond its purpose.' He also says that he expressed his astonishment that the decisions of Vienna were transmitted so late to the German Government. Count Szögyeny is dead, and it is impossible to find out whether he detected so sharp a tone in the words of Herr von Jagow. After one has read Herr von Jagow's story one understands still less why the German Government then absolutely rejected Grey's proposal to submit the two conditions not accepted by Serbia to an Ambassadorial Conference. Herr von Jagow says that such a conference would have resembled a 'Court of Arbitration whose auspices from the beginning would have been but little favorable for our allies,' and he points to Bethmann's telegram which declared 'it would be impossible for us to summon our allies before a European Court.' Therefore, although the ultimatum itself was considered 'very sharp' and the demands as going further than their purpose, the Court of Arbitration was rejected for reasons of prestige. Then only was 'localization of the conflict' talked of when a 'localization' was long out of the question. Thus the impression was created that definite proposals and questions were being avoided. One of the accusations which have been made against Herr von Jagow is concerned with a conversation which he had on July 27 with Jules Cambon, the French Ambassador, and of which there is a report in the French *Yellow Book*. When M. Cambon asked whether Germany must follow the Austrians everywhere with closed eyes, and whether the Secretary of State had taken cognizance of the Serbian reply handed in two days ago in which most of the demands had been complied with, Herr von Jagow is said to have answered: 'I have not yet had time for it.' In his book Herr von Jagow does not treat of these details. It is just these he should have treated if he was determined to write.

He once more explains how Russia, who was urged and goaded on by France, mobilized, and how Germany had been forced to declare war. France, as is known, was asked to say within eighteen hours whether she would remain neutral, and refrained from a clear answer. Happily, Herr von Jagow does express his regret that in the German declaration of war on France, French hostilities were mentioned which were stated to have occurred already on German territory, and in reality were only figments of imagination. He declares that the General Staff 'had received this information from subordinate departments, and had brought it to the notice of the political chiefs in perfect good faith.' Herr von Jagow repeatedly remarks 'that we did not seek any quarrel with France, and did not want to fall foul of her,' and that it was precisely in her case that the 'will to war and aggression was not on our side.' As a fact, everyone knows how much was

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done by French chauvinism, in spite of the undoubtedly peaceable feelings of the French people. Von Jagow is of the opinion that the telegram sent by the Kaiser to the King of England on August 1, promising to cancel the order of attack on France if England guaranteed French neutrality rendered this neutrality easy for the French. But in the first place France could not leave the Russians in the lurch if Germany remained loyal to Austria, and, secondly, the Entente would have had to know whether the German Government was inclined on the reception of an affirmative reply from Paris and London, to withdraw their instructions of July 31. In these instructions forwarded to the German Ambassador in Paris, Germany demanded the fortresses of Toul and Verdun from France as pledges of neutrality. If there had been any intention of adhering to these demands, France and England, even after a first agreement, would, of course, have sent a curt refusal. Herr von Jagow, without mentioning the two objectionable fortresses, calls it 'natural' to demand 'a pledge, and that a strong pledge, for the neutrality of France.' He does not, therefore, seem to think that the German General Staff would have been ready to abate much of its first demands. In Herr von Jagow's book the invasion of Belgium is called '*a formal act of injustice.*' It is regrettable that Herr von Jagow lays stress on the word *formal.*

Herr von Jagow declares that it is monstrous to assert 'that the Imperial Government was thirsting for blood and anxious to bring about war,' and adds that only hypocrisy, ill-will, and ignorance can venture to make such assertions. There is also no doubt whatever that the question of guilt cannot be settled fully without a searching investigation in all directions, and not by a simple formula. However, quite apart from the many ramifications of the guilt one always comes back again to an 'either — or.' Either the German political-military leaders considered the warlike action of Russia in July, 1914, and the world-war as possible, and, in that case, one does not need to go any closer into the policy which was introduced with the unconditional promise to Austria; or they did not expect either Russia's action or the thoroughly logical and perfectly natural intervention of England, and in that case they made an enormous mistake. As we say, no rain will wash that away. It cannot be got rid of by the most elaborate literary camouflage. In the most terrible of all wars America was then challenged by the unrestricted U-boat madness of the eternal sea conquerors, and all imaginable mistakes were then made — this time against the will of Herr von Jagow, who had wisely retired. Thus we came to Versailles.

The Berliner Tageblatt

A NEW PLAY BY JOHN MASEFIELD

BY REBECCA WEST

Mr. Masefield's determination to write tragedy has recently become itself a very touching drama. He is like a man who passionately desires to be the host of royalty, and whom royalty is pleased to visit, since he is so loyal a subject and has a rich treasury for entertainment, but who makes an utter failure of the visit because he cannot grasp the etiquette of the occasion. He ardently invokes the Muse of Tragedy; she comes and he greets her with flushed aspiring face and says, 'Your Majesty, I have a new warm blood bath waiting for

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you.' She looks at him stonily; does he not understand that she requires not blood baths but spiritual food? Like royalty, she never explains. She hangs about the house for a day or so, but sulkily; and then in a rage rides away, and Mr. Masefield has to finish his work without her aid. Unfortunately, he never notices that she has gone. He continues serenely, certain that Tragedy must dwell wherever there is a nice warm deep blood bath.

The Faithful, which was produced by the Stage Society recently, is a bad example of this. Mr. Masefield's new tragedy is gloomier than anything else on earth, with the possible exception of some of Mr. Masefield's poetry, and it is not beautiful. Mr. Masefield is a student of Spanish history and literature, and either deliberately or unconsciously he has introduced into his work just that union of excessive gloom and sententiousness which is the curse of Spanish fiction and poetry. Now, these are excusable growths in the soil on which they are found. Excessive gloom is an inevitable feature of a culture that has been set back by adverse political and social conditions, for the crude artist believes that he can make a work of art impressive by calamities just as a cannibal king believes he can make his hut look truly a royal residence if he tips the palisade with severed heads. And sententiousness is merely a sophisticated form of the proverb-making which is the peasant's form of wit.

But these things are ridiculous in Mr. Masefield, who is not crude, and who has but the remotest relationship with the peasant. There is no earthly reason why he should have chosen as the theme of *The Faithful* the Japanese legend of the *Forty-seven Ronin*, which is nothing but a tale of clan vengeance like some of our Highland legends. It certainly gives him one opportunity at the beginning. Kira, an upstart and oppressive lord, desires the lands of Asano, a just lord; he is the host of the Emperor's Envoy, so it falls to him to instruct Asano in the proper ritual of greeting the Envoy; he teaches him the wrong ritual, so that the Envoy is angered and the crowd jeers, and Asano in fury draws his sword on Kira; this is a capital offense, since the Envoy's court is a sacred place, and he is condemned to commit harikari. That single scene (which aptly symbolizes Mr. Masefield's relations with the Muse of Tragedy — his intentions are excellent, but he performs the wrong ritual) held something of the author's former quality as a playwright; it was as if a draggled bird should suddenly lift a sweeping tail set with glowing eyes and reveal that it was in truth a peacock. There was, moreover, some excellent acting by Mr. Hubert Carter, who as Kira was just such a dark warrior, his face a brown convoluted mass of ferocity, as charges at us from Japanese screens and prints.

But, thereafter, the play was deplorable. The forty-seven serfs, whom Mr. Masefield has reduced to seven no doubt after reluctant consideration of the large stage required for forty-seven extended corpses, refuse to come under Kira's lordship, and become *ronins*, or masterless men. They form a league of vengeance under the leadership of Asano's friend Kurano, who, to disarm suspicion, feigns madness; the form he chooses is not unexpectedly melancholia. A herald then enters, and in sumptuously lugubrious verse, to music which had evidently been composed by Mr. Masefield, informed us that a year had passed and things were still going badly. Kurano and his son have a little talk about Lady Kurano, who has committed suicide, and go off to

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have a look at Kira's palace, singing a song about death. The *ronins* file on to the stage and describe how their wives and children are wasting away with starvation, in bald assertions of adversity which sound like a Charity Organization Society's report on a bad district, and they agree to abandon their purpose of revenge. But Kurano comes back with the news that they must come now and murder Kira, for his palace is unguarded. They agree, but each of them first sits down and says his death poem. Kira is discovered in his palace in amorous converse with a serf girl; one would willingly have had this scene prolonged for gross as Kira's proceedings were, they did at least remind one of the human capacity for enjoyment which, in the four hours or so that had passed since the play began, one had almost forgotten. The *ronins* break in and kill Kira; the curtains fall, and then they file back on to the stage and commit harikari on their master's grave. The audience, which long ago had said its death poem, went out with that amazed sense of having been allowed to survive when death was the dispensation of the hour which one used to feel when one came from the cellar after a bad air-raid.

Now, this story is not a tragedy. It is a blood bath. It does not illuminate the workings of the human soul. Its situations are not even conspicuously illustrative of the beauty of fidelity, since the *ronins* had abandoned their purpose of revenge when they got the chance of killing Kira, and the opportunity came to them not as a result of their own efforts but by sheer luck; and the dialogue elucidates nothing because it consists almost entirely of generalizations, chiefly about death. There is indeed a monstrous deal of death to a pennyworth of life in *The Faithful*. For in it there never comes, as sometimes there came in *Nan* and even in *Pompey the Great*, the essential cry that convinces us that there is speaking a unique soul caught in a unique coil of circumstance; that this is a unique tragic moment in time. When Kurano's son is telling him how Lady Kurano dies he puts it something like this: 'You know Mother killed herself. She said it was a woman's way of being faithful.' Now, not only does this mortuary platitude mean absolutely nothing, but it prevents the audience from feeling that she was a real woman who really died; one could as soon feel sorrow at hearing that an aphorism had split its gizzard.

In the only attempt Mr. Masefield makes to throw off this kind of thing and convey how his characters feel and behave as well as what opinions they hold there is an odd lapse, which shows how entirely abstract his outlook has become. Kurano, coming back from the Envoy's court after the death of Asano, meets a poor girl named Wild Cherry, who is wandering alone because Kira has killed her friend; he tells her that he too has lost a friend at Kira's hands; and they sit down by the roadside and compare their adversities. 'Was your friend fair?' asks the girl. 'No, he was dark,' answers Kurano. 'My friend has fair hair,' says Wild Cherry, 'here is some of it. . . .' Mr. Masefield could never have written that sentence — which since there never has been such a thing as a fair Japanese implies that the girl's friend was an albino — if he had made any attempt to visualize his drama. He has ceased to see. The lack of distinction in his language suggests that he has ceased to hear. He cares for nothing but the adages that are round, and preferably depressing, in the mouth. If Mr. Masefield goes on in this belief that sen-

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tentiousness and the multiplication of woes will lift any subject to the level of tragedy, it is impossible to say where he will end.

Ashtaroth: 'A stitch in time saves nine.' (Takes a poniard in each hand and stabs the twins.)

That or something like it will probably be the catastrophe of Mr. Masefield's next drama.

The Outlook

THE TRUE DESTRUCTIVENESS OF WAR

It is customary to say of the devastated areas of France, that they are beyond description. This is one of the recognized gambits of the modern journalist. Having exhausted his vocabulary upon the current events of the day, he invariably tells us, when confronted with the unusual or the unexpected, that words fail him. As indeed they do.

The devastated areas are in one sense quite easily described. The surface of the earth has been churned to the likeness of a choppy sea and it is mostly stripped of vegetation. Ugly fences of barbed wire run here and there with that curious lack of method or intention which is the most striking characteristic of modern warfare as viewed near at hand by an unprofessional eye. The woods are black and dead — perhaps the most desolate features of the landscape. Villages remain at varying levels above the ground. In some cases the land where a village has stood is simply a little stonier than elsewhere. In others the peasants are living in one half or one quarter of their houses. Cities like Soissons and Rheims are for practicable, habitable purposes destroyed. It is impossible to find in certain streets and quarters of these cities a single house which has not been wrecked, and in Soissons one walks through lanes of bricks and stones collected from the roads and piled on either side.

All this is quite easy to describe and quite easy to imagine, without actually visiting the site. But there is much that cannot be adequately described by a casual first comer. The effect upon the mind of the devastated areas is as difficult to convey as any other spectacle or experience which profoundly appeals to the emotions. It is admittedly beyond the resources of the headline or the tired vocabulary of the newspaper 'correspondent.' Thomas Hardy, the man who gave to Egdon Heath a personality which could be felt, whose scenes have the quality of brooding presences, who often makes us feel that the passion and pain of succeeding generations have been absorbed by his landscapes, could well describe the prospect which lies on either side of the Chemin des Dames, or is viewed from the great Hindenburg redoubt. Even in broad day the dead, unnatural country seems to be haunted. Perhaps it is the silence, or the trees lying under a curse, or the entire absence of life. Or perhaps it is only our own knowledge of what has happened in these regions, our sense of the insane malevolence of the forces of destruction here released, of the anguish and mutilation and fear, of radiant lives smudged out as casually as a fly under the thumb of an idle boy, of the intense concentration within these holes and corners of the battlefield of the best and worst passions of mankind. Something there is that even in the sunlight puts us in the mood to see ghosts — the mood in which men were said to perceive the legionaries standing upon the slopes of the Ring at Casterbridge or in which the evil Quint was seen in full daylight upon his turret.

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To come into the midst of such a scene from Paris is calculated to disconcert even a bureaucrat. It is difficult to believe that as a result of all that is implied in this desolation, certain gentlemen sitting within a hundred miles are calmly drawing lines in green or red upon official maps; disputing, a little less calmly, as to exactly how much in hard cash the little nations and the big nations are likely to get out of it; discoursing of 'ethnographical principles' and 'the economic factor'; taking very cool and comprehensive views about things in general, not without occasional humorous asides upon the national foibles of the interested parties. We bestow a passing thought upon the thirty-odd commissions and committees of expert and high-principled delegates who are hopefully devising means whereby this kind of thing shall not happen again in our own time. And then we look about us. It seems like trying to abolish the Devil by Act of Parliament.

Reflection only adds to the effect upon us of these miles of wasted country and ruined towns. All this represents not a thousandth part of the desolation which the war has brought upon our civilization. The devastated areas are a concrete instance of the ruin wrought by the war, and, because the ruin here is material and obvious, it is generally recommended that the statesmen who are making peace should occasionally visit the battlefields, in order that they may not forget that twelve months ago the fortunes of the world were being determined by other methods than those of the *procès-verbal*. Nevertheless, these devastated areas, scarring the face of Europe, are but a symbol of the desolation which will shadow the life of the world for at least a generation. The coming years will be bleak, in respect of all the generous and gracious things which are the products of leisure and of minds not wholly taken up by the necessity to live by bread alone. For a generation the world will have to concentrate upon material problems. There will be little freedom and none of that content and dignity in the relations between persons and classes which result from a common recognition that each status has its own responsibilities and functions. In the new order every man is as good as any other man until he can get the better of him; and if you would realize where this is leading us, you have only to look for our new nobility in the latest honors' list. The tragedy of the great war — a tragedy which enhances the desolation of Rheims — is that it should have killed almost everything which the best of our soldiers died to preserve, and that it should have raised more problems than it has solved. It is common to assume — and standing on the battlefields it is easy to assume — that France has suffered more from the war than England. It would be more true to say that France has suffered differently. Her civilization has been wounded less. France's political and social institutions remain virtually what they were in 1914. They are a modern product of the barricades and of doctrines which are fatal and strange to English tradition. Almost all the characteristic English political and social traditions, on the other hand, have been swept away by the war. We would sacrifice a dozen cathedrals to preserve what the war has destroyed in England. When we think of the vulgar domestic tyranny, which it will take a generation for our people to shake off, of the loss of our supremacy in commerce and finance, of our acquiescence in the leadership of a Power politically in its nonage, of the

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obliteration of our civilized interests by necessarily material pre-occupations, of the instinctive submission of our politicians to rude clamor, of the devastating opportunism which marks our post-bellum treatment of almost every important question which comes up for decision, of the concentration of our people upon eating and drinking and amusement and their claim (unhappily too often well-founded) to be the equals of their financial betters, of the readiness of our educated classes to have recourse to a kind of protective mimicry and to pretend that they are no better than they should be — when we think of these and other circumstances of the time, we would readily surrender our ten best cathedrals to be battered by the artillery of Hindenburg as ransom. Surely it would be better to lose Westminster Abbey than never again to have anybody worthy to be buried there.

Something of the bitterness of the desolation of war can be felt by the most insensitive tourist who gapes at the holes battered in the roof of Rheims Cathedral, scrambles over the litter on the floor, or listens to the orator (with his hat on) discoursing of the sanctities which have here been violated. And this is only a beginning, as it would be only a beginning if Westminster or York presented this same spectacle. The war has demolished an English sanctuary not made with hands, but with the minds and lives of illustrious Englishmen; and all over Europe the war has shaken the foundations on which the civilized life of the modern world was founded. If we could repair the mental and spiritual damage wrought by the war, Europe could well afford to leave Rheims to the owls and the ivy. As it is we can only hope that a worse fate is not in store for this noble building, which preserves an overwhelming majesty in defacement. With the City of Rheims removed to another site (a move which seems simpler than any attempt of reconstruction), and the rubbish cleared away, we would rather see this cathedral, the acropolis of a later Hellas, left to isolation and time as a monument of the world's suffering in these last years, than see it for years a spectacle for tourists, mainly from the United States. They will assess the damage in American dollars, or more decently assert that such defilement cannot be estimated in cash. And then, a little later, Rheims will be restored by some Viollet Le Duc of the twentieth century.

The Saturday Review

ON EARLY RISING

BY ST. JOHN ERVINE

I MISS, in modern fiction, two favorite figures from mid-Victorian romances; one, the minor villain, of plebeian origin, who always 'looked uncomfortable in evening dress' when the major villain, of aristocratic origin, invited him to spend the evening in the company of well-bred people; the other, the charming young lady, who, at the approach of dawn, sprang lightly from her couch, and, running swiftly across the floor of her bedroom, flung open the casement windows and leaned out to greet the morning. Even in my romantic youth I sometimes felt dubious about the presence of the minor villain in the home of the major villain, but I never had any dubiety about the young woman. I remember that she always drank deep draughts of the fresh morning air, and, because of her early rising, was reputed to be very healthy, both in body and in mind. My family never tired of preaching to me on the subject of

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early rising, and, although I could not bring myself to spring lightly from my couch before the sun was up, yet I was certain that my unwillingness to do so was a fault if not actually a disease.

There has, in all times, been a general belief that healthy men and women naturally rise from their beds at an early hour; and that belief has found support in our own times in the writings of men so dissimilar as Meredith and Mr. Arnold Bennett. In *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, Meredith pronounces very heavily against the lie-abed; and in one of his manuals, I think, Mr. Bennett declares that this sluggardliness which he hears so much of is a sign of unhealth, and he bids the writer to rise up from his bed at seven A. M. and get done with the business of bath and breakfast in time to sit down at his desk by eight o'clock. I suppose that the first proverb taught to every child in this country is that one which says:

Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,

and I do not doubt that parents, in spite of experience, will continue to teach this remarkable lie to children until the end of time.

I have never had any desire to rise early in the morning, even when I was a child, and, in spite of fairly good health and a reasonably active mind, I have always considered myself to be morally culpable and physically undesirable because I wrapped the blankets about me and kept my head on my pillow long after the hour at which birds and beasts were about their daily business. I thought that as I had never sprung lightly from my couch to run swiftly across my room to greet the dawn through my casement windows, I must be a sickly fellow. When I descended from my bedroom at nine o'clock — in the days when I could control my hours of descent — I did so with a consciousness of guilt. I said to myself, 'The rest of the world has done half a day's work and you have not yet eaten your breakfast!' I said to myself, 'Arnold Bennett has probably written a thousand words this morning, and you have not yet written one!' I remembered that Anthony Trollope was as industrious in the morning as Mr. Bennett, and I recalled the story which Mr. Bernard Shaw told me of Sir Hall Caine, who, he said, rises up at four o'clock every morning and begins work at once. Mr. Wells sometimes gets up in the middle of the night when he feels an urgent desire to put his thoughts on paper. When I complained to Mr. Yeats on one occasion, that my day was so fully occupied that I had hardly any time for writing, he advised me to get up an hour or two earlier in the morning, and gave me an exhibition of some exercises in Swedish drill which he performs every day. He did not appear to be impressed when I reminded him that I seldom got to bed before midnight.

Wherever I turned, whatever I read, I was taught that if I would have health and wealth and wisdom I must shake off my sluggardly habits and quit my bed at an early hour of the morning. I said to a friend, who thus advised me, that I had been born at midnight, and that children born at that hour do not feel the same urgency to early rising that children born at other hours feel; but I was told that this was a fantastic notion, and, indeed, I thought so myself. 'Think,' I said to myself, 'of the novels and plays that you might have written had you formed the habit of rising at six or seven A.M. instead of at eight-thirty or nine. Vile lie-abed, you have given to sleep what should have been given to

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literature and the drama!' I classed myself with politicians and journalists and actors, most of whom eat their breakfasts at an hour when other men are beginning to think of luncheon, or at all events of snacks. It was odd, I told myself, that all the early risers of my acquaintance were not notably wise or healthy, and were all of them poor. Servants rose early, but I had not observed outside the pages of fiction that they were very wise, and I knew that no one could possibly become wealthy on £20 per annum, even when caps and aprons were provided. Almost all workmen rise early and almost all rich men rise late; but workmen, as a class, do not monopolize wisdom or health, whereas the rich, though they do not monopolize health and wisdom, very nearly monopolize wealth, and certainly possess their share of health and wisdom. Nevertheless, such is the tyranny of a moral apothegm, particularly of one which makes for discomfort, I believed that I, a practised sluggard from childhood, was possessed of less vitality than those who rose up early in the morning, and I thought it was very unlikely that I would ever amass a fortune.

Since then, however, I have made a discovery. It is this. All these preachers and writers on early rising are in the wrong. It is not natural for man to quit his bed at dawn; he does so by a distinct effort of will and, in most cases, because of the compulsion of circumstances. There never was, in real life, a young woman who sprang lightly from her couch and ran swiftly across the room to fling open her window and lean out to greet the dawn. The workman who rises at five A.M. on weekdays lies in bed until twelve o'clock on Sundays; and the ambition of every servant is to marry someone wealthy enough to allow her to lie in bed in the morning while someone else gets up at an early hour. Hence the vogue of the novelette. The little rhyme which is taught to Catholic children —

> Nature gives five,
> Custom takes seven,
> Laziness nine,
> And wickedness eleven,

may be sound in theology but it is unsound in nature. I do not believe that there is a cow on this earth which is content with five hours of sleep. I am told by people who are competent to know that nuns suffer severely from loss of sleep, and are frequently found slumbering during their devotions.

It was not until I joined the army that I discovered how untrue is the statement that healthy men and women naturally quit their beds at an early hour; for I found in barracks, in billets, and in the line that the healthier and younger a soldier was the more reluctant was he to get up at reveille or at 'stand to.' One of the most consolatory thoughts a young officer has in the trenches is the reflection that he will be able to have breakfast in bed when his battalion goes out of the line to rest. When I was in the ranks I sometimes served as corporal of the guard, and part of my duty was to go round the billets at reveille — we were not in barracks then but in large, empty houses — and wake the men. There were not half a dozen who did not have to be waked, and these half dozen were either elderly or timorous. There were dozens who kept to their bed-boards until the last moment, getting up just in time to escape from the notice of the orderly sergeant; and these were the most physically fit men in the company.

There is, indeed, pleasure to be found in rising early on a fine summer morning, but it is not a pleasure that

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many of us care for; and those who do accustom themselves to it either sleep in the afternoon for an hour or two or else go to bed about nine o'clock. In a pleasant, discursive book called *Small Talk in Wreyland*, Mr. Cecil Torr quotes from a letter written by his grandfather at the age of sixty: 'I often wonder how anyone can lie in bed in May, not witnessing the beauty of the crystallized May-dew. . . . The barley throws up its blade or leaf about three inches high, quite erect, and on its tip-top is this little spangled dew-drop. The leaf else is perfectly dry, if real dew — if from frost, the leaf is wet.' And again, 'This morning, the wheat was looking beautiful, like the barley in May. I stayed some time admiring it with its little spangled tops shining like crystals.'

But there is no pleasure to be found in early rising on a dull morning, even in spring or in summer, and I cannot believe that any human being likes getting up in the dark and cold. No soldier that I ever met in France liked it, nor do the fishermen in the village where I am writing this like it either, although their work obliges them to do it. It is very notable that old people are more prone to early rising than young people, partly because they sleep less soundly than young people and, in some cases, partly because they have become so habituated to rising at a certain hour that they cannot, even in retirement, sleep after that time.

And when all is said and done, do people who rise early accomplish more work than people who lie late? Dr. Johnson, who, according to Boswell, could practise abstinence but could not practise temperance, frequently complained of himself that he did not rise earlier in the morning. 'I do not remember that since I left Oxford I ever rose early by mere choice, but once or twice at Edial, and two or three times for the *Rambler*.' His health was not good, it is true, and he slept badly — so much may be conceded to Mr. Arnold Bennett and to Meredith — but, on the other hand, he compiled a dictionary by his own efforts which, so Frenchmen said, would have employed the labors of forty French scholars.

The Manchester Guardian

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LEAVES FROM A MOSCOW DIARY

BY ARTHUR RANSOME

I

February 11, 1919.

YESTERDAY the All-Russian Executive Committee met to consider the international position, with special reference to the proposal made by the Peace Conference that the various *de facto* governments of Russia should meet on the island of Prinkopo in the Bosphorus to discuss matters, an armistice being arranged meanwhile.

It met as usual in the big hall of the Hôtel Métropole, and it met as usual very late. The sitting was to begin at seven, and, foolishly thinking that the Russians might have changed their nature in the last six months, I was punctual and found the hall nearly empty, because a party meeting of the Communists in the room next door was not finished. The hall looked just as it used to look, with a red banner over the præsidium and another at the opposite end, both inscribed 'The All-Russian Executive Committee,' 'Proletariat of all lands, unite,' and so on. As the room gradually filled, I met many acquaintances.

Old Professor Pokrovsky came in, blinking through his spectacles, bent a little, in a very old coat, with a small black fur hat, his hands clasped together, just as, so I have been told, he walked unhappily to and fro in the fortress at Brest during the second period of the negotiations. I did not think he would recognize me, but he came up at once and reminded me of the packing of the archives at the time when it seemed likely that the Germans would take Petrograd. He told me of a mass of material they are publishing about the origin of the war. He said that England came out of it best of anybody, but that France and Russia showed in a very bad light.

Just then Demian Biedny rolled in, fatter than he used to be (admirers from the country send him food), with a round face, shrewd laughing eyes, and cynical mouth, a typical peasant, and the poet of the revolution. He was passably shaved, his little yellow moustache was trimmed, he was wearing new leather breeches, and seemed altogether a more prosperous poet than the untidy ruffian I first met about a year or more ago before his satirical poems in *Pravda* and other revolutionary papers had reached the heights of popularity to which they have since attained. In the old days before the revolution in Petrograd he used to send his poems to the revolutionary papers. A few were published and scandalized the more austere and serious-minded revolutionaries, who held a meeting to decide whether any more were to be printed. Since the revolution he has rapidly come into his own, and is now a sort of licensed jester, flagellating Communists and non-Communists alike. Even in this assembly he had about him a little of the manner of Robert Burns in Edinburgh society. He told me with expansive glee that they had printed 250,000 of his last book, that the whole edition was sold in two weeks and that he had had his portrait painted by a real artist. It is actually true that of

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his eighteen different works only two are obtainable to-day.

Madame Radek, who last year showed a genius for the making of sandwiches with chopped leeks, and did good work for Russia as head of the Committee for dealing with Russian war prisoners, came and sat down beside me, and complained bitterly that the authorities wanted to turn her out of the grand ducal apartments in the Kremlin and make them into an historical museum to illustrate the manner of life of the Romanoffs. She said she was sure that was simply an excuse, and that the real reason was that Madame Trotzky did not like her having a better furnished room than her own. It seems that the Trotzkys when they moved into the Kremlin chose a lodging extremely modest in comparison with the gorgeous place where I had found Madame Radek.

All this time the room was filling, as the party meeting ended and the members of the Executive Committee came in to take their places. I was asking Litvinov whether he was going to speak, when a little hairy, energetic man came up and with great delight showed us the new matches invented in the Soviet laboratories. Russia is short of matchwood, and without paraffin. In these new Bolshevik matches neither wood nor paraffin is used. Waste paper is a substitute for the one and the grease that is left after cleaning wool is a substitute for the other. The little man, Berg, secretary of the Præsidium of the Council of the Public Economy, gave me a packet of his matches. They are like the matches in a folding cover that used to be common in Paris You break off a match before striking it. They strike and burn better than any matches I have ever bought in Russia, and I do not see why they should not be made in England, where we have to import all the materials of which ordinary matches are made. I told Berg I should try to patent them and so turn myself into a capitalist. Another Communist, who was listening, laughed, and said that most fortunes were founded in just such a fraudulent way.

Then there was Steklov, of the *Izvestia*, Madame Kollontai, and a lot of other people whose names I do not remember. Little Bucharin, the editor of *Pravda* and one of the most interesting talkers in Moscow, who is ready to discuss any philosophy you like, from Berkeley and Locke down to Bergson and William James, trotted up and shook hands. Suddenly a most unexpected figure limped through the door. This was the lame Eliava of the Vologda Soviet, who came up in great surprise at seeing me again, and reminded me how Radek and I, hungry from Moscow, astonished the hotel of the Golden Anchor by eating fifteen eggs apiece when we came to Vologda last summer (I acted as translator during Radek's conversation with the American Ambassador and Mr. Lindley). Eliava is a fine, honest fellow and had a very difficult time in Vologda, where the large colony of foreign embassies and missions naturally became the centre of disaffection in a district which at the time was full of inflammable material. I remember when we parted from him Radek said to me that he hardly thought he would see him alive again. He told me he had left Vologda some three months ago and was now going to Turkestan. He did not disguise the resentment he felt toward M. Noulens (the French Ambassador), who, he thought, had stood in the way of agreement last year, but said that he had nothing whatever to say against Lindley.

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At last there was a little stir in the raised præsidium and the meeting began. When I saw the lean, long-haired Avanesov take his place as secretary, and Sverdlov, the president, lean forward a little, ring his bell, and announce that the meeting was open and that 'Comrade Chicherin has the word,' I could hardly believe that I had been away six months.

Chicherin's speech took the form of a general report on the international situation. He spoke a little more clearly than he was used to do, but even so I had to walk round to a place close under the tribune before I could hear him. He sketched the history of the various steps the Soviet government has taken in trying to secure peace, even including such minor 'peace offensives' as Litvinov's personal telegram to President Wilson. He then weighed, in no very hopeful spirit, the possibilities of this last Note to all the Allies having any serious result. He estimated the opposing tendencies for and against war with Russia in each of the principal countries concerned. The growth of revolutionary feeling abroad made imperialistic governments even more aggressive toward the Workers' and Peasants' Republic than they would otherwise be. It was now making their intervention difficult, but is no more. It was impossible to say that the collapse of imperialism had gone so far that it had lost its teeth. Chicherin speaks as if he were a dead man or a ventriloquist's lay figure. And, indeed, he is half dead. He has never learned the art of releasing himself from drudgery by handing it over to his subordinates. He is permanently tired out. You feel it is almost cruel to say 'Good morning' to him when you meet him, because of the appeal to be left alone that comes unconsciously into his eyes. Partly in order to avoid people, partly because he is himself accustomed to work at night, his section of the Foreign Office keeps extraordinary hours, is not to be found till about five in the afternoon, and works till four in the morning. The actual material of his report was interesting, but there was nothing in its matter to rouse enthusiasm of any kind. The audience listened with attention, but only woke into real animation when, with a shout of laughter, it heard an address sent to Clemenceau by the *émigré* financiers, aristocrats, and bankrupt politicians of the Russian colony in Stockholm, protesting against any sort of agreement with the Bolsheviki.

Bucharin followed Chicherin. A little, eager figure in his neat brown clothes (bought, I think, while visiting Berlin as a member of the Economic Commission), he at least makes himself clearly heard, though his voice has a funny tendency to breaking. He compared the present situation with the situation before Brest. He had himself (as I well remembered) been, with Radek, one of the most violent opponents of the Brest peace, and he now admitted that at that time Lenine had been right and he wrong. The position was now different, because, whereas, then imperialism was split into two camps fighting each other, it now showed signs of uniting its forces. He regarded the League of Nations as a sort of capitalist syndicate and said that the difference in the French and American attitude toward the League depended upon the position of French and American capital. Capital in France was so weak that she could at best be only a small shareholder. Capital in America was in a very advantageous position. America, therefore, wanted a huge All-Europe

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syndicate in which each state would have a certain number of shares. America, having the greatest number of shares, would be able to exploit all the other nations. This is a fixed idea of Bucharin's and he has lost no opportunity of putting out this theory of the League of Nations since the middle of last summer. As for Chicherin's Note, he said it had at least great historical interest on account of the language it used, which was very different from the hypothetical language of ordinary diplomacy. Here were no phrases about noble motives, but a plain recognition of the facts of the case. 'Tell us what you want,' it says, 'and we are ready to buy you off in order to avoid armed conflict.' Even if the Allies gave no answer the Note would still have served a useful purpose and would be a landmark in history.

Litvinov followed Bucharin. A solid, jolly, round man, with his peaked gray fur hat on his head, rounder than ever, in fur collared, thick coat, his eyeglasses slipping from his nose as he got up, his gray muffler hanging from his neck, he hurried to the tribune. Taking off his things and leaving them on a chair below, he stepped up into the tribune with his hair all rumpled, a look of extreme seriousness on his face, and spoke with a voice whose capacity and strength astonished me who had not heard him speak in public before. He spoke very well, with more sequence than Bucharin, and much vitality, and gave his summary of the position abroad. He said (and Lenine expressed the same view to me afterwards) that the hostility of different countries to soviet Russia, varied in direct proportion to their fear of revolution at home. Thus France, whose capital had suffered most in the war and was weakest, was the most uncompromising, while America, whose capital was in a good position, was ready for agreement. England, with rather less confidence, he thought, was ready to follow America. Need of raw material was the motive tending toward agreement with Russia. Fear that the mere existence of a labor government anywhere in the world strengthens the revolutionary movement elsewhere was the motive for the desire to wipe out the Soviet at all cost. Chicherin's Note, he thought, would emphasize the difference between these opposing views and would tend to make impossible an alliance of the capitalists against Russia.

Lastly Kamenev, now president of the Moscow Soviet, spoke, objecting to Bucharin's comparison of the peace now sought with that of Brest-Litovsk. Then everything was in a state of experiment and untried. Now it was clear to the world that the unity of Russia could be achieved only under the Soviets. The Powers opposed to them could not but recognize this fact. Some parts of Russia (Ukraina) had, during the last fifteen months, experienced every kind of government, from the Soviets, the dictatorship of the proletariat to the dictatorship of foreign invaders and the dictatorship of a general of the old régime, and they had, after all, returned to the Soviets. Western European imperialists must realize that the only government in Russia which rested on the popular masses was the government of the Soviets and no other. Even the paper of the Mensheviki, commenting on Chicherin's Note, had declared that by this step the Soviet government had shown that it was actually a national government acting in the interests of the nation. He further read a statement by Right Social Revolutionaries (delegates of that group, members of the

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Constituent Assembly, were in the gallery) to the effect that they were prepared to help the Soviet government as the only government in Russia that was fighting against a dictatorship of the bourgeoisie.

Finally, the Committee unanimously passed a resolution approving every step taken in trying to obtain peace, and at the same time 'sending a fraternal greeting to the Red Army of workers and peasants engaged in insuring the independence of soviet Russia.' The meeting then turned to talk of other things.

I felt rather miserable to think how little I had foreseen, when soviet Russia was compelled last year to sign an oppressive peace with Germany, that the time would come when they would be trying to buy peace from ourselves. As I went out I saw another unhappy figure, unhappy for quite different reasons. Angelica Balabanova, after dreaming all her life of socialism in the most fervent Utopian spirit, had come at last to Russia to find that a Socialist state was faced with difficulties at least as real as those which confront other states, that in the battle there was little sentiment and much cynicism, and that dreams worked out in terms of humanity in the face of the opposition of the whole of the rest of the world are not easily recognized by their dreamers. Poor little Balabanova, less than five feet high, in a black coat that reached to her feet but did not make her any taller, was wandering about like a lost and dejected spirit. Not so, she was thinking, should Socialists deal with their enemies. Somehow, but not so. Had the silver trumpets blown seven times in vain, and was it really necessary to set to work and, stone by stone, with bleeding hands, level the walls of Jericho?

There was snow falling as I walked home. Two workmen, arguing, were walking in front of me. 'If only it were not for the hunger,' said one. 'But will that ever change?' said the other.

II

February 13, 1919.

I drank tea to-day with an old acquaintance from the provinces, a Russian who before the revolution owned a leather-bag factory which worked in close connection with his uncle's tannery. He gave me a short history of events at home. The uncle had started with small capital, and during the war had made enough to buy outright the tannery in which he had had shares. The story of his adventures since the October revolution is a very good illustration of the rough and ready way in which theory gets translated into practice. I am writing it, as nearly as possible, as it was told by the nephew.

During the first revolution, that is, from March till October, 1917, he fought hard against the workmen, and was one of the founders of a Soviet of factory owners, the object of which was to defeat the efforts of the workers' Soviets.* This, of course, was smashed by the October revolution, and 'Uncle, after being forced, as a property owner, to pay considerable contributions, watched the newspapers closely, realized that after the nationalization of the banks resistance was hopeless, and resigned himself to do what he could not to lose his factory altogether.'

He called together all the workmen, and proposed that they should form an *artel*, or coöperative society, and take the factory into their own hands, each man contributing a thousand rubles toward the capital with which

* By agreeing upon lockouts, etc.

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to run it. Of course, the workmen had not got a thousand rubles apiece, 'so uncle offered to pay it in for them, on the understanding that they would eventually pay him back.' This was illegal, but the little town was a long way from the centre of things, and it seemed a good way out of the difficulty. He did not expect to get it back, but he hoped in this way to keep control of the tannery, which he wished to develop, having a paternal interest in it.

Things worked very well. They elected a committee of control. 'Uncle was elected president, I was elected vice-president, and there were three workmen. We are working on those lines to this day. They give uncle fifteen hundred rubles a month, me a thousand, and the bookkeeper a thousand. The only difficulty is that the men will treat uncle as the owner and this may mean trouble if things go wrong. Uncle is forever telling them, "It's your factory, don't call me master," and they reply, "Yes, it's our factory all right, but you are still master, and that must be."'

Trouble came fast enough, with the tax levied on the propertied classes. 'Uncle,' very wisely, had ceased to be a property owner. He had given up his house to the factory, and been allotted rooms in it, as president of the Factory Soviet. He was, therefore, really unable to pay when the people from the District Soviet came to tell him that he had been assessed to pay a tax of sixty thousand rubles. He explained the position. The nephew was also present and joined in the argument, whereupon the tax collector consulted a bit of paper and retorted: 'A tax of twenty thousand has been assessed on you, too. Be so good as to put your coat on.'

That meant arrest, and the nephew said he had five thousand rubles and would pay that but could pay no more. Would that do?

'Very well,' said the tax collector, 'fetch it.'

The nephew fetched it.

'And now put your coat on.'

'But you said it would be all right if I paid the five thousand!'

'That's the only way to deal with people like you. We recognize that your case is hard, and we dare say that you will get off. But the Soviet has told us to collect the whole tax or the people who refuse to pay it, and they have decreed that if we come back without one or the other we shall go to prison ourselves. You can hardly expect us to go and sit in prison out of pity for you. So on with your coat and come along.'

They went, and at the militia headquarters were shut into a room with barred windows, where they were presently joined by most of the other rich men of the town, all in a rare state of indignation, and some of them very angry with 'uncle' for taking things so quietly. 'Uncle was worrying about nothing in the world but the tannery and the leather works, which he was afraid might get into difficulties now that both he and I were under lock and key.'

The plutocracy of the town being thus gathered in the little room at the militia house, their wives came, timorously at first, and chattered through the windows. My informant, being unmarried, sent word to two or three of his friends, in order that he might not be the only one without someone to talk with outside. The noise was something prodigious, and the head of the militia finally ran out into the street and arrested one of the women, but was so discomfited when she removed her shawl and he recognized her as his hostess, at her house where he had been billeted as a soldier, that

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he hurriedly let her go. The extraordinary parliament between the rich men of the town and their wives and friends, like a crowd of hoodie crows, chattering outside the window, continued until dark.

Next day the workmen from the tannery came to the militia house and explained that uncle had really ceased to be a member of the propertied classes, that he was necessary to them as president of their Soviet, and that they were willing to secure his release by paying half of the tax demanded from him out of the factory funds. Uncle got together thirty thousand, the factory contributed another thirty, and he was freed, being given a certificate that he had ceased to be an exploiter or a property owner, and would, in future, be subject only to such taxes as might be levied on the working population. The nephew was also freed, on the ground that he was wanted at the leather works.

I asked him how things were going now. He said, 'Fairly well, only uncle keeps worrying because the men still call him "master." Otherwise, he is very happy because he has persuaded the workmen to set aside a large proportion of the profits for developing the business and building a new wing to the tannery.'

'Do the men work?'

'Well,' he said, 'we thought that when the factory was in their own hands they would work better, but we do not think they do so; not noticeably anyhow.'

'Do they work worse?'

'No, that is not noticeable either.'

I tried to get at his political views. Last summer he had told me that the Soviet government could not last more than another two or three months. He was then looking forward to its downfall. Now he did not like it any better, but he was very much afraid of war being brought into Russia, or rather, of the further disorders which war would cause. He took a queer sort of pride in the way in which the territory of the Russian republic was gradually resuming its old frontiers. 'In the old days no one ever thought the Red army would come to anything,' he said. 'You can't expect much from the government, but it does keep order, and I can do my work and rub along all right.' It was quite funny to hear him in one breath grumbling at the revolution and in the next anxiously asking whether I did not think they had weathered the storm, so that there would be no more disorders.

Knowing that in some country places there had been appalling excesses, I asked him how the Red Terror that followed the attempt on the life of Lenine had shown itself in their district. He laughed.

'We got off very cheaply,' he said. 'This is what happened. A certain rich merchant's widow had a fine house, with enormous stores of all kinds of things, fine knives and forks, and too many of anything. For instance, she had twenty-two samovars of all sizes and sorts. Typical merchant's house, so many tablecloths that they could not use them all if they lived to be a hundred. Well, one fine day, early last summer, she was told that her house was wanted and that she must clear out. For two days she ran hither and thither trying to get out of giving it up. Then she saw it was no good, and piled all those things, samovars and knives and forks and dinner services and tablecloths and overcoats (there were over a dozen fur overcoats) in the garrets, which she closed and sealed, and got the president of the Soviet to come and put his seal also. In the end things were so friendly that he even put a sentinel there to see that the

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seal should not be broken. Then came the news from Petrograd and Moscow about the Red Terror, and the Soviet, after holding a meeting and deciding that it ought to do something, and being on too good terms with all of us to do anything very bad, suddenly remembered poor Maria Nicolaevna's garrets. They broke the seals and tumbled out all the kitchen things — knives, forks, plates, furniture, the twenty-two samovars, and the overcoats, took them in carts to the Soviet and declared them national property. National property! And a week or two later there was a wedding of a daughter of one of the members of the Soviet, and somehow or other the knives and forks were on the table, and as for samovars there were enough to make tea for a hundred.

. . . . . .

February 14.

After yesterday's talk with a capitalist victim of the revolution I am glad for the sake of contrast to set beside it a talk with one of the revolution's chief theorists. The leather worker illustrated the revolution as it affects an individual. The revolutionary theorist was quite incapable of even considering his own or any other individual interests and thought only in terms of enormous movements in which the experiences of an individual had only the significance of the adventures of one ant among a myriad. Bucharin, member of the old economic mission to Berlin, violent opponent of the Brest peace, editor of *Pravda*, author of many books on economics and revolution, indefatigable theorist, found me drinking tea at a table in the Métropole.

I had just bought a copy of a magazine which contained a map of the world, in which most of Europe was colored red or pink for actual or potential revolution. I showed it to Bucharin and said, 'You cannot be surprised that people abroad talk of you as of the new Imperialists.'

Bucharin took the map and looked at it.

'Idiotism, rank idiotism!' he said 'At the same time,' he added, 'I do think we have entered upon a period of revolution which may last fifty years before the revolution is at last victorious in all Europe and finally in all the world.'

Now, I have a stock theory which I am used to set before revolutionaries of all kinds, nearly always with interesting results. I tried it on Bucharin. I said:

'You people are always saying that there will be revolution in England. Has it not occurred to you that England is a factory and not a granary, so that in the event of revolution we should be immediately cut off from all food supplies? According to your own theories, English capital would unite with American in insuring that within six weeks the revolution had nothing to eat. England is not a country like Russia, where you can feed yourselves somehow or other by simply walking to where there is food. Six weeks would see starvation and reaction in England. I am inclined to think that a revolution in England would do Russia more harm than good.'

Bucharin laughed. 'You old counter-revolutionary!' he said. 'That would be all true, but you must look further. You are right in one thing. If the revolution spreads in Europe, America will cut off food supplies. But by that time we shall be getting food from Siberia.'

'And is the poor Siberian railway to feed Russia, Germany, and England?'

'Before then Pichon and his friends will have gone. There will be France to feed, too. But you must not forget

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that there are the cornfields of Hungary and Rumania. Once civil war ends in Europe, Europe can feed herself. With English and German engineering assistance we shall soon turn Russia into an effective grain supply for all the workingmen's republics of the Continent. But even then the task will be only beginning. The moment there is revolution in England, the English colonies will throw themselves eagerly into the arms of America. Then will come America's turn, and, finally, it is quite likely that we shall all have to combine to overthrow the last stronghold of capitalism in some South African bourgeois republic. I can well imagine,' he said, looking far away with his bright little eyes through the walls of the dark dining room, 'that the workingmen's republic of Europe may have to have a colonial policy of an inverse kind. Just as now you conquer backward races in order to exploit them, so in the future you may have to conquer the colonists to take from them the means of exploitation. There is only one thing I am afraid of.'

'And what is that?'

'Sometimes I am afraid that the struggle will be so bitter and so long drawn out that the whole of European culture may be trampled underfoot.'

I thought of my leather worker of yesterday, one of thousands experiencing in their own persons the appalling discomforts, the turnover and revaluation of all established values that revolution, even without death and civil war, means to the ordinary man, and, being perhaps a little faint-hearted, I finished my tea in silence. Bucharin, after carelessly opening these colossal perspectives, drank his tea in one gulp, prodigiously sweetened with my saccharin, reminded me of his illness in the summer, when Radek scoured the town for sweets for him, curing him with no other medicine, and then hurried off, fastening his coat as he went, a queer little De Quincey of revolution, to disappear into the dusk before, half running, half walking, as his way is, he reached the other end of the big, dimly-lit, smoke-filled dining room.

The New Statesman

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KING EDWARD AND FRANCE

BY SIDNEY LEE

KING EDWARD'S affection for France bore its richest and most conspicuous fruit during his short nine years' reign; but the beneficent sentiment was a dominant feature of his life through all the long years which preceded his accession to the throne. The friendly feeling may almost be said to have been implanted in his nature at his birth, and to have steadily developed in strength from boyhood. The birth and growth of the sentiment are something of psychological riddles. Heredity and the domestic environment of his early career promised a very different affinity. Lineal ties and family associations might well have fostered German sympathies to the exclusion of any other continental leanings. So marked a reaction against genetic tendencies as King Edward's French predisposition exemplifies is worthy of a closer study than has yet been given it. But it is only incidentally that I deal here with the psychological problem. My purpose is to throw some fresh light on the early phases of a deviation from inherited instinct, to which the civilized progress of the world owes a very substantial debt.

King Edward, the eldest son of a German father and of an English mother in whose veins flowed much German blood, was baptized in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on January 25, 1842. The most notable of his six godparents, of whom two only were English and the rest were German, was the King of Prussia, Frederick William IV, whose faith in the obsolete doctrine of the divine right of monarchy adumbrated the fatal prepossession of his grand-nephew, the ex-Kaiser, William II. Very highly did the Prussian autocrat value the sponsorial honor, and he gave eager proof of his satisfaction by making the highest contribution at his disposal to his godson's dignity. The infant was barely christened before he was admitted to the most illustrious Prussian Order of the Black Eagle. The ruler of Austria was unwilling to lag behind his royal brother in proofs of his interest in the infant heir-apparent of England. The Austrian Grand Cross of St. Andrew was quickly forwarded to Windsor to adorn the infant's breast beside the insignia of the Black Eagle. No time was to be lost, it seemed, in formally sealing the infant of the Teuton tribe.

Yet fancy may well suggest that a fairy godmother of French lineage hovered unseen about the Prince's cradle to parry the influence of the imposing manifestations of Teutonic favor. When the Prince entered the world the Anglo-French sky was beset by its normal cloud. Rival claims to Egypt threatened a breach of the peace. But just when intelligence was first dawning on the child, the darkness brightened, albeit momentarily. It was a happy omen that then the words 'entente cordiale' were first heard in the world of Anglo-French diplomacy. In September, 1843, before the close of the second year of the Prince's life, M. de Jarnac, French Chargé d'Affaires in London, was on a visit at Haddo House to Lord Aberdeen, the English Foreign Secretary. The two men

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talked of the chances of dispelling the ever-recurring jealousies of England and France, and the phrase 'entente cordiale' fell accidentally from Lord Aberdeen's lips. Both French and English statesmen eagerly accepted the phrase as a spell which should possibly exorcise the perennial curse. M. Guizot, the French Prime Minister, on hearing of the felicitous expression, warmly welcomed it. But Fate at the time allowed it small saving grace. The gleam quickly faded, and the old weary round of misunderstandings was resumed. A year or two later Lord Aberdeen was succeeded at the Foreign Office by Lord Palmerston. The episode of the Spanish marriages had brought England and France once again to the verge of war, and Lord Palmerston peremptorily dismissed the earliest articulate mention of the 'entente cordiale' to the proverbial home of good intentions. 'Je ne vous parlerai plus d'entente cordiale,' he wrote to M. de Jarnac, 'parce que ce qu'on nous annonce par rapport aux affaires de l'Espagne ne nous prouve que trop clairement que l'on ne veut plus à Paris ni de Cordialité ni d'Entente.' The fateful phrase 'entente cordiale' was not to be revived with any genuine or enduring significance for some sixty years: but the first fleeting whisper of it, during the Prince's early infancy, was of happy augury and prefigured his life's mission.

There was another short lifting of the clouds in the early days of the Second Empire, when, after much hesitation, France and England resolved to coöperate in protecting Turkey from the menace of Russia. The new political *rapprochement* between the two countries rendered appropriate an exchange of visits between their rulers. Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie were guests at Windsor in April, 1855, and they displayed an affectionate interest in the Prince of Wales and in his elder sister the Princess Royal. In the following August, Queen Victoria and Prince Albert returned the French courtesy by accepting the hospitalities of Saint Cloud and the Tuileries. The Prince of Wales, who was nearing the close of his fourteenth year, accompanied his parents, together with his sister. It was then that the youth made his first acquaintance with France and Paris, and came under what was to prove their life-long fascination. The Parisians on their part were powerfully attracted by his boyish charm, and that impression also proved indelible. Ironically enough, the Prince's sister came under the like Parisian spell, and the bias thus acquired helped to prejudice her subsequent career as Crown Princess of Prussia and ultimately Empress Frederick of Germany.

Thenceforth, Frenchmen of all ranks and opinions acknowledged some magical affinity between the Prince's temperament and their own. Louis Blanc, the French republican, who under the Second Empire was living in exile in England, caught sight of the Prince in the London streets shortly after the boy's return from France. Louis Blanc then wrote of him: 'Le petit bonhomme est vraiment charmant; il a je ne sais quoi qui plaît et, aux côtés de ses parents, il apparaît comme un vrai personnage de féerie.'

The Prince's French experience was not soon repeated. The schemes for his education which his German father laboriously devised for him under the influence of a typically German counselor, Baron Stockmar, carried him to the Continent for several months during most of the remaining years of his adolescence. But it was to Germany, Switzerland, and Italy that the young man's steps were turned. France

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was for the time avoided, and after his eldest sister became, on January 25, 1858, the wife of the Prussian prince, his Prussian godfather's nephew, who was in direct succession to the Prussian crown, the Prince of Wales at a very impressionable age accepted the oft-repeated hospitality of Berlin or Potsdam.

It was, however, in Germany, while he was on a visit to his sister's German home in September, 1861, that the Prince of Wales first met the lady who was to become his wife. Princess Alexandra's father, although of German lineage, was heir through his wife to the throne of Denmark, which he was soon to ascend as Christian IX, and the Princess's Danish associations were destined profoundly to influence the Prince's political sympathies.

Misgivings as to the political designs of Germany were quickly engendered. Some possible significance attaches to the fact that in the summer of 1862, when the Prince had become the accepted suitor of Princess Alexandra, he revisited France after the long interval of seven years, and that some six months later, when he repeated that grateful experience, he had in the course of it a brief meeting with his bride-elect on French soil — in the now war-harassed town of Lille.

The lineal ties which bound the Prince to Germany were not of his own making, and at no time of his life did he ignore the many German calls on his domestic affections, which were always strong. Before his marriage (on March 10, 1863) he acquired a second German brother-in-law in Prince Louis of Hesse-Darmstadt, who married his second sister, Princess Alice, and in the early years of his married life he was the frequent inmate of both his sisters' German households. But family sentiment failed to check the growing suspicion of Germany's chauvinist dreams. It was the Danish crisis of 1865 that brought to the light of day the Prince's psychical aversion from the political pretensions of the native land of his father and of his kinsfolk. Germany's brutal challenge of the integrity of his wife's country of Denmark provoked from his lips impassioned protests. Queen Victoria and her government enjoined neutrality on the English people when Germany in alliance with Austria set out to rob the little Danish kingdom of the enviable provinces of Schleswig and Holstein; but Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, the French Ambassador in London, soon learned from the Prince's lips of his abhorrence of the Teutonic doctrine which exalted might over right. Queen Victoria and some of her statesmen resented the Prince's frankness, but he was not easily silenced. The archives of the French Foreign Office again attest that a year later, when Prussia was fighting with Austria over the Danish spoils, the Prince was still openly confessing to the French Ambassador in London his wishes for the failure of Prussian ambition.

Queen Victoria's interpretation of the British Constitution denied the heir-apparent any political influence or position, and the Prince's opinions were reckoned abroad of greater significance than attached to them at home. In the three years (1867–1870) of uneasy peace in Europe, which followed the warfare of the Central Powers in 1865–6, the Prince reconciled himself as well as he could to his political helplessness, and sought relief in foreign travel, which brought him often to France, and served to intensify his French proclivities. He was an admiring visitor at the International Exhibition in Paris in the summer of 1867, and a long continental tour through southern and eastern

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Europe, which occupied him from the autumn of 1868 until the late spring of 1869, began and ended in the French capital. In the course of this prolonged expedition the irony of fate introduced him in Berlin for the first time to Count von Bismarck, in whom he came to detect the supreme evil genius of Teutonic policy. But the most thrilling episode of the tour was a visit to Egypt and the inspection, under the personal guidance of M. de Lesseps, of the great French engineering enterprise of the Suez Canal; the works were then on the point of completion, and after thirteen years' arduous labor were about to be opened to the world's traffic. M. de Lesseps's achievement gave in the Prince's eyes a new proof of the adaptability of French genius. On July 4, 1870, about a year after the meeting at Suez, the Prince publicly welcomed M. de Lesseps to England, and offered him in felicitous phrase the congratulations of the English people.

Meanwhile, the Prince was anxiously alive to the loud threatenings of an European War. Prussian arrogance was driving France to desperate courses. The filling of the vacant throne of Spain was the immediate ostensible cause of quarrel between the two Powers, and on the day that the Prince pronounced his eulogy on M. de Lesseps, he wrote to Lord Granville, the Foreign Secretary, warmly felicitating him and the country on the 'excellent news' of Prussia's withdrawal of her Hohenzollern candidate for the disputed Spanish succession. 'Let us trust,' the Prince earnestly added, 'that the clouds that have overshadowed Europe may be dispersed without their bursting over our heads.' It was a short eleven days later that the Prince learned of the sudden outbreak of war between France and Germany.

The Prince's active French sympathies had been of late steadily acquiring strength, and from beginning to end of the tragic Franco-German struggle of 1870–1, it was with difficulty that he restrained his expressions of dismay that France should fall beneath the German heel. Such feelings were in ill-concealed conflict with Queen Victoria's leanings toward Germany; for the Queen, unlike her son, was never able to free her political sentiment from the color of her Teutonic kinships. The British nation was divided in its view of the foreign strife, and Mr. Gladstone's government proclaimed at the outset of the struggle the United Kingdom's strict neutrality. The Prince's French predilection caused him a long series of embarrassments during the whole course of the war; but the Treaty of Frankfort, which imposed on France a cruel humiliation, found him a warmer friend than ever before.

The war failed to interrupt those confidential relations which the Prince had already long maintained with the French Ambassador in London, while no love was lost at any time between him and the Prussian Minister at the Court of St. James's, Count von Bernstorff. It is this Prussian Minister's son whose discreditable activities at Washington, during the recent war, have given his name a very evil notoriety in the two hemispheres. As soon as hostilities opened between France and Germany the Prussian agent in London turned on the Prince the close scrutiny of a detective. On information which Bernstorff sent to Berlin in the second week of July, the Crown Princess of Prussia telegraphed to Queen Victoria a complaint of the Prince's infringement of neutrality. According to Bernstorff the Prince had told the French Ambassador that he cordially hoped for Germany's defeat. The Prince was invited by the English

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government to explain, and his secretary forwarded to the Foreign Office a diplomatic denial. To Mr. Gladstone, the Prime Minister, the Prince wrote:

> I think it right to inform you that the Prussian ambassador has thought fit to inform my sister, the Crown Princess, of statements supposed to have been made by me at a dinner lately given by the French ambassador very derogatory of Prussia.

The Prince added, a little enigmatically:

> I beg to assure you that these statements are without any foundation.

But Bernstorff had further occasions to repeat this protest, and left his master Bismarck under no illusions as to the Prince's views. Bismarck within a few weeks bluntly acknowledged that Prussian aspirations had a foe in the heir to the British crown.

Early in August, before the end of a month of war, German successes foretold the ultimate result. A decisive German victory was won as early as August 6 at Wörth by the Prince's brother-in-law, the Crown Prince of Prussia. The Prince of Wales wrote of the French defeat as 'a terrible blow'; his thought, he wrote, turned anxiously to Paris, where the 'feeling' must be 'easier imagined than described.' The weeks that followed brought more torturing anxiety to all lovers of France, and on September 1 there came the crowning tragedy of Sedan, where the Emperor Napoleon III and a French army of over 100,000 men surrendered to the enemy.

The Prince neglected no opportunity of giving in private very practical proof of his profound sympathy with the vanquished. His benevolent activities were inevitably viewed with disfavor alike by his mother and her government and by his German kinsfolk and their advisers. An offer of hospitality to the 'poor Empress Eugénie,' which he conveyed to her on her arrival in England by the hand of his equerry, Colonel Keppel, in a manly letter of tender sensibility, excited warm reproof from the Queen and her ministers. Scant respect was paid his argument that 'though the Queen might find some difficulty in offering a house, there surely could be no objection to *our* doing so.' Yet in spite of rebuffs the Prince pursued the path which his generous instincts dictated.

The Prince had first met in Paris in June, 1862, the Marquis de Galliffet, then a young cavalry officer, whose charm of manner, buoyant temperament, and brilliant social gifts made him his close friend for life. No French companionship ultimately gave the Prince greater pleasure. In 1870, their acquaintance was as yet in its initial stages; but news reached England soon after Sedan that Galliffet, who had distinguished himself by a dashing charge at the opening of the fatal battle, was a prisoner in German hands in the castle of Coblenz. Galliffet yearned to return to his country's fighting line. He sued for the aid of friends in England. In the first instance he addressed himself to the Duchess of Manchester, daughter of the Hanoverian Count von Alten, who was a prominent figure in English society and was on good terms with both the Prince and himself. (Her second marriage in later years with the well-known Victorian statesman Marquess of Hartington and Duke of Devonshire kept her social influence alive well into the twentieth century.) Galliffet adjured the Duchess to enlist the Prince's interest in the cause of his liberation. The prisoner rather innocently suggested that a word from the Prince of Wales to the Crown Prince of Prussia must have the desired effect. The Duchess found the Prince of Wales eager to aid. At her instance Galliffet wrote freely to the Prince imploring

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him to procure his exchange '*dans n'importe quelle condition*.' The Prince promptly invited the counsel of Lord Granville, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; 'Should I write,' he inquired, 'to Bernstorff and ask him to communicate with the Crown Prince of Prussia on the subject, or will you kindly speak to that amiable individual yourself?' The Prince explained that Galliffet's letter could hardly be shown to the Prussian Minister because 'poor Galliffet' called Count Bismarck '*ogre*.' Lord Granville readily offered to communicate to Bernstorff any appeal in Galliffet's behalf which the Prince cared to send. The Prince promptly drafted a letter to be delivered to the King of Prussia; but the surly Ambassador was an unsympathetic intermediary, and he quickly reported to Lord Granville that the Prince's intervention was irregular. For the time the Prince reluctantly confessed himself balked; but he let Galliffet know that he had done what he could. He met criticism of his action in his own circle with the characteristic retort, 'When one's friends are down in their luck, one would wish to help them if one can.' The remark, which was often repeated in other contexts in his private correspondence, was a principle of conduct to which he was always loyal. The negotiations over Galliffet's imprisonment were protracted through nearly three months (October, 1870, to January, 1871); Galliffet impetuously supplemented the Prince of Wales's effort by direct appeals to the German headquarters staff at Versailles, to M. Gambetta, and to highly placed personages at Vienna. Early in 1871, the Prince's correspondence with Lord Granville still attests his undiminished interest in Galliffet's fortunes; but it was not until the preliminaries of peace were signed on March 1, 1871, that Galliffet obtained his liberty. He at once placed his sword at the disposal of the Third Republic, and took a prominent part in laying the menacing spectre of the anarchist Commune in Paris. For the next thirty years Galliffet rendered his beloved country varied and distinguished service as soldier, military organizer, and statesman. It was Galliffet who conspicuously helped to endow the French army in the later years of the nineteenth century with a new spirit and a new efficiency. With the steady growth of his influence and activity, the Prince of Wales's regard for him increased, and with characteristic loyalty to his early intimacies, King Edward cultivated Galliffet's delightful society until the Frenchman's death in his eightieth year in 1909, many times entertaining him at Sandringham.

In another negotiation of mercy in which the Prince of Wales engaged with his customary zeal during the Franco-German war, he met with better success. After the German investment of Paris, M. Rosencrantz, a secretary of the Danish ministry there, fell fatally ill. The sick man's wife sought permission to pass through the German lines, in order to reach her husband's death-bed. General von Moltke, the German commander-in-chief, promptly refused her permission. The Prince's influence was solicited on the lady's behalf; at his urgent entreaty Lord Odo Russell, English Minister at Berlin, was instructed to protest to Bismarck against Moltke's decision. Contrary to expectation, Bismarck lent a favorable ear to the Prince's appeal, and the Prince had the satisfaction of learning that owing to his intervention the Danish diplomatist's last moments were soothed by his wife's presence.

Meanwhile, the Prince, as he frequently wrote to his friends, was

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anxiously watching the events before Paris, to which the Germans were laying siege from the middle of December to the end of the following January. Other Continental difficulties intensified the strain. Russia suddenly defied England and France in her then crippled state by repudiating the clauses of the Treaty of Paris of 1856, which had neutralized the Black Sea and excluded Russian and all other warships from its shores and surface. The Prince wrote of his alarm 'at the serious complications that may arise at the outrageous conduct of Russia at the present moment.' He saw in Russia's cynical contempt for the sanctity of a fully ratified treaty the promptings of Prussian diplomacy, which not for the first time in August, 1914, scouted a solemn international compact as a 'scrap of paper.' 'I very much fear,' the Prince added, 'that Prussia stands in with her' (*i. e.*, Russia). Unhappily, the Prince was powerless to influence the course of events, which ended to his dismay in the pusillanimous recognition by the English government of Russia's immoral breach of the old covenant, in spite of the English Prime Minister's denunciation of Russia's action as 'a blunder and a crime.'

Early in January, '71, the Prince was desirous of offering further proof of his sympathy with the French peasantry in their sufferings under the German yoke. He asked permission 'to help the fund for the relief of the peasantry.' The English Foreign Office instantly returned a peremptory refusal, and again warned him of the danger of infringing neutrality. He was informed that the Prussians had captured the papers of M. Rouher, the French Prime Minister at the date of the outbreak of war and through seven preceding years, and that among the documents were notes of recent conversations between the Prince and the French Ambassador in London, which left no doubt of his hostility to Prussia. Lord Granville gravely penned the admonition 'Prussia is likely to misinterpret anything which the Prince does.'

The English public knew little of the Prince's views on political questions. According to a recognized convention, his position in the State placed him under the obligation of maintaining an invariable attitude of aloofness from all matters of policy; it was indeed argued by constitutional pedants that he was bound in honor to observe foreign affairs, if he observed them at all, from so distant and detached a point of view, that no manner of partisanship could by any stretch of imagination, malicious or otherwise, be imputed to him. Merely ceremonial functions were deemed to be the only legitimate field for the exercise of his thought and energy. Reports of Queen Victoria's complacent reception of the news of German victories often dismayed English sympathizers with France, and there was a persistent tendency on the part of the Queen's France-loving subjects to bring all her children indiscriminately, including even her eldest son, within the range of their impatient resentment. Late in February, 1871, while Germany was completing her conquest of France and was relentlessly formulating oppressive terms of peace, the whisper ran in England that the English royal family was sending congratulatory messages to the Prussian High Command while the Prussians were insolently exulting at Versailles over French helplessness. The newspapers made play with the rumor, and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of which Frederick Greenwood, an enthusiastic votary of France, was editor, comprehensively indicted the Queen and her family of a definite breach of

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neutrality in private correspondence with the chieftains of the German army. Sir Henry Hoare, M.P. for Norwich, voiced in the House of Commons the consequent discontent of those who deplored the German triumph, and the Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone, sought to allay the storm by a discursive display of dialectical subtleties. The gist of Mr. Gladstone's case amounted to this: The English Royal Family was naturally solicitous about the health of their Prussian friends and kindred at the close of the strenuous campaign which had inevitably strained their physical and nervous powers. Lord Odo Russell, the English Minister accredited to Berlin, had found it necessary to visit Versailles, whither the Prussian Court had for the time removed. The Foreign Office in London was in communication with him there, and the Queen and some of her children had availed themselves of that circumstance to send by the hand of a Foreign Office messenger inoffensive personal greetings such as kinsfolk were in the habit of exchanging. No further information was vouchsafed the public.

The Prince of Wales was irritated by the popular agitation, which did him some injustice. For the private information of the Foreign Office he at once penned a full and frank statement of his position in the affair. Captain Hozier, a Foreign Office messenger, had called on him without notice to tell him that he was taking dispatches to Versailles. 'He asked me,' wrote the Prince, 'whether he could be the bearer of any letters to the Crown Prince or others. I said I had none, but I wished to be affectionately remembered to the Crown Prince, the Duke of (Saxe-)Coburg, the Landgrave of Hesse, and Prince Adolphus of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and my best regards to Odo Russell and Dr. (W. H.) Russell (the war correspondent) of the *Times*, but to no one else.' The four specified German princes were kinsmen in more or less near degree. The Crown Prince was the Prince's brother-in-law, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg was his father's brother, and the other two German princes were cousins. Apart from the Crown Prince, none had taken responsible part in the war. The Prince had furthermore pointed out to Hozier that 'all the great military people at Versailles report that I was entirely French in my feelings.' But he wished the Crown Prince to know that he had respected the call of neutrality which his own country imposed on him. At the same time the Crown Prince ought to be informed 'that my sympathy was great with the French since all the disasters that had fallen upon them,' and 'that I hoped the Germans would not exact such conditions of peace as would utterly cripple France.' The Prince added some conventional compliments on the German conduct of the campaign 'in a military point of view,' and he trusted 'that the bad feeling which the Germans entertained toward England would soon cease.' Captain Hozier expressed the view 'that in three years or less Germany would make war on us.' The Prince canvassed the justice of the prophecy. 'To the best of my recollection,' the Prince's statement concluded, 'this is all that passed between Hozier and myself.' There was, of course, no question that that section of the public which had credited the vague report of the Prince's solicitous tenderness for the German High Command, lay under a complete misapprehension as to the Prince's dominant bias throughout the recent conflict.

France's internal difficulties, after peace was restored, caused the Prince, like other of that country's English

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friends, some disquietude. He saw grounds for questioning the stability of the new French Republic, and for a season he inclined to the anticipation that a throne would be again set up by the French people. But the Prince did not allow his natural personal predilections for kinship to prejudice his affectionate interest in France while she was recovering from the wounds of war. His critical illness interrupted his study of public affairs from the autumn of 1871 till the early spring of the following year. But his convalescence was completed in the South of France, and at the suggestion of the English Foreign Secretary he there sought personal intercourse with M. Thiers, first President of the new Republic. He confessed that it went somewhat 'against the grain' to hold out the hand of fellowship to the official champion of anti-monarchical policy. But he suppressed his misgivings in the cause of the 'entente cordiale.' Another long interview with M. Thiers at Trouville, while the Prince was on a yachting cruise in the autumn of the same year, fully reconciled him to the new French régime. His friendly regard for the Republican leaders thenceforth knew no check. For M. Gambetta he soon fostered the highest admiration, and before that statesman's death the Prince's visits to Paris were many times enlivened by frank and intimate conferences with the master genius of the Third Republic. At the same time the Prince maintained and extended his intercourse with the royalist or imperialist aristocracy, and with men and women who remained faithful to royalist or imperial creeds.

It is especially worthy of emphasis that in his many social relations under the Republic with Frenchmen of all manner of opinions and beliefs, the Prince succeeded to a miracle in maintaining an unfailing cordiality of intercourse along with a perfectly candid expression of his own views and convictions. The eminent Frenchmen, with whom he loved to converse, reciprocated his frank sincerity. An admirable example of the temper which distinguished his exchange of intimacies with Republican Frenchmen whose character and general aims he respected, in spite of some misgivings as to the practical application of their political principles, is furnished by the private memoirs of the Prince's friend, Galliffet, who put on record, with his breezy veracity, an unceremonious dialogue between the Prince and Gambetta, in the days when the Republic was giving its first sure promise of triumph over all dissentient factions. Galliffet met the Prince by chance in Paris, and accepted his sudden invitation to dine with him and Gambetta at the Café Anglais. 'A dîner,' Galliffet wrote, 'causerie à propos d'une et d'autres choses, puis:

'*Le Prince:* Monsr. Gambetta, permettez-moi de vous demander pourquoi vous et vos amis vous éloignez des affaires l'aristocratie française?

'*Gambetta:* Mais, Monseigneur, il n'y a plus "d'aristocratie" en France. Il n'y a que des ducs qui ne conduisent aucune armée; des marquis qui ne sont préposés à la défense d'aucune "marche" du pays; les comtes, vicomtes et barons n'ont ni terres, ni autorité, ni influence.

'*Le Prince:* Mettons que j'ai voulu parler de nobles.

'*Gambetta:* Mais ils n'ont aucune envie d'être employés — ils se savent roulés. Ils boudent: c'est leur emploi définitif; on ne les rencontre que dans l'armée, la marine. Quelquefois dans la diplomatie. Dans ces carrières ils font bonne figure: j'en conviens.

'*Le Prince:* Mais pourquoi ne feriez-vous pas comme dans mon pays où

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nous prenons ce qu'il y a de plus distingué dans l'industrie, les sciences, les lettres, le commerce etc. De ces hommes nous faisons des nobles — et notre noblesse reste une véritable aristocratie.

'*Gambetta:* Chez vous, c'est possible encore pour quelque temps — chez nous, non. Le duc de La Rochequi-Mousse ne voudrait pas frayer avec le duc de l'Industrie, le duc de la Science, celui des Beaux Arts, etc. En république nous ne pouvons avoir qu'une aristocratie, celle de la science et du mérite — elle s'affirme sans avoir besoin de titres.

'*Le Prince:* Vous êtes un vrai républicain, Monsr. Gambetta.

'*Gambetta:* Permettez-moi de l'avouer, Monseigneur. Je trouve logique que vous, vous soyez royaliste.

'On rit de bonne humeur et l'on parla d'autre chose.'

The English reader will be especially interested in the Prince's plea of preference for a titled aristocracy of talent over one of mere hereditary right. But it is difficult to determine whether the words and tone of Gambetta or of the Prince in Galliffet's report show the one or the other speaker in the more characteristic light.

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The gist of the matter is that the Prince's love of France was recognized to be so whole-hearted, and his social tact was so irresistible, that no resentment was excited by the impartial breadth of his French social circle or by the free and unconstrained avowal of his own prepossessions. To his personal energy and shrewdness was largely due the success of the Paris Exhibition of 1878, which gave irrefragable proof of the magical resilience of the French temperament and of the renewal of French prosperity after the disaster of 1870–1. The speeches which the Prince delivered in the French capital in the opening days of the Exhibition as the active President of its British Commission confidently prophesied the moral and spiritual triumph which must come of a permanent union between England and France. Next year, in writing of France to a friend, he hailed her as 'that great friendly power.' It is no extravagance to add that the thirty-two years of life that then still remained to him will be always distinguished in history by the consistency of his effort to make his own faith in France, which marched throughout his career from strength to strength, prevail among his fellow countrymen.

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IN THE PERSIAN OIL-FIELDS

BY EDMUND CANDLER

THE first time I escaped from the Tigris to the hills was after the fall of Kut, and I got away for a few weeks to the Bakhtiari country. It was the last half of May. The heat at Ahwaz, Maidan-i-Naftun, and Shuster was intense. But anything was a relief after the gloom of the Tigris valley. The Relieving Force had lost 21,000 men in trying to save the 9,000 in Kut and had not saved them. Those long months in the hideous flat where so many of one's friends lay buried made the sight of the hills more desirable. The Kut experience sealed any prejudice one may have had for the bare, hot, uncompromising delta. It was a country of one mood. Its treelessness, stonelessness, and monotony were associated with stagnation and death, and the impression is not likely to fade.

A traveler who visited the oil-fields in 1909 described Maidan-i-Naftun as one of the ugliest places in the world:

> The dirty, gray and yellow hills that surround it [he wrote] are desolate and forbidding to a degree. Not a tree or a bush is to be found anywhere within twenty miles, and when I was there not a blade of grass to relieve the monotony.

That is how Maidan-i-Naftun appeared to a man descending from the high Persian mountains to the foothills. If he had been going the other way earlier in the year he might have discovered beauty in these ranges. Even in the last week of May there were flowers. I remember a princely spear-thistle and a teazle of ultramarine blue growing on the hillside where there was not a vestige of shade. In any depression that offered half a day's shelter from the sun you might gather mignonette, mullein, larkspur, scabious, convolvulus, sage, rocket, borage — the flora of a home gravel-pit; and I could tell by the seeds that if I had been six weeks earlier I should have seen constellations of narcissus, crocus, and anemone starring the grass. Iguanas of all colors scurried in front of us, some of them as red-throated as a pheasant. Riding from Salamat to Ab Gungi under the Tul-i-Khayyat (Tailor's Hill), the sweeping downland appeared as beautiful to me as Dartmoor to a convict escaped from Princetown jail. There is a rare symmetry in these hills. The northern face of Tul-i-Khayyat falls away into the Lehbarri plain in a series of platforms, like tiers in an amphitheatre. The Lehbarri plain through which the Radha flows is rolling grass-land. North of it the gypsum range, the Imam Riza, lies east and west. Here there is more symmetry, only on a different plan, rounded crenelations like the bastions of a city wall. In the next range the lines of crests are horizontal, flat, and table-topped. There was design everywhere, and for many months I had seen none.

One drops down from the Imam Riza to the oil-fields. They lie in a Q-shaped cup, and the tail of the Q leads up from Tembi, where the power-house is at the foot of the pass. Two enormous columns of smoke told us where the wells lay. It was escape oil burning. The pipes, which had been

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cut by the Bawi and Anafizah tribes near Ahwaz in the disturbances of February, were still under repair. Meanwhile the oil which ought to have been feeding the refineries at Abadan had to be destroyed. Where there is a good flow, as at Maidan-i-Naftun, the oil floods up and discharges itself at high pressure into the pipes, and is carried by its own momentum into the storage tanks. No pumping is needed. The only difficulty is to control it. To close a valve in the pipe at the surface of the well is simple enough, but it is seldom wise, as the subterranean force which you have unloosed is eccentric and not easily disciplined. A block is apt to disturb the strata and plug up the channels, and create a commotion which may put the well out of action for weeks. So when the passage to the refineries is stopped the oil and gas are carried off into side pipes and burned. The immense columns of smoke and flame where the escape oil was burning day and night depressed me with an uncomfortable sense of waste. The flames leaped up 60 feet in the air in a circumference of 20 with a roar like breakers, and above them rose a solid column of blue smoke. At a certain height it caught the breeze and was deflected, but it was still so dense that riding under it a full 500 yards from the flame one felt protection from the sun. The manager laughed at my economical scruples. 'If you were a millionaire,' he said, 'you would n't mind if your butler opened an extra bottle of port. Besides, where could you store the oil? It would soon flood a respectable valley, and then if a spark got to it. . . .'

The oil, it seems, is inexhaustible, and if you humor it and give it its head underground it is singularly docile when it reaches the upper air. Its violence is all subterranean, and the miner's chief anxiety is lest it should spurt up in sudden gushes and carry away rig and derrick. Once above ground it finds its way to the storage tanks and power house. From the pumping station at Tembi it is lifted over the two ranges, the Imam Riza and the Tul-i-Khayyat; and from the second ridge it flows without obstruction to the refinery at Abadan on the Shatt-al-Arab, 142 miles from the fields. The pass over the Tul-i-Khayyat is 1,300 feet, and the pressure on the pipes here is 600 pounds to the square inch. One is struck by the economy of transport. Oil, unlike other products of mines, needs no railway with its costly rolling stock, imported fuel, and gangs of workmen. It supplies its own power like a rational monster pent up in the bowels of the earth and ready to lend a hand in its own release. Both in production and in transmission you have the same economy. Where a well is being bored you will find under one rig a single white mechanic and half a dozen wild-looking Bakhtiari assistants, whose limbs remind one of figures on a Greek frieze. The driller and the tribesmen communicate in a jargon which is neither English nor Persian, but understood by both. It comprises half a dozen adjectives very forcible and explicit, the single inflection of some three common verbs which does duty for all tenses and moods, and a number of substantives mostly of a highly technical kind. The Lur or Bakhtiari in the Persian oil-fields is as familiar with spudding shoes, clamps, gauges, underreamers, and bits as the product of a Schenectady engineering school.

I was taken to a rig where a Canadian was fishing for lost gear. In boring the shaft the heavy blunt-nosed steel bit which pulverizes the rock is attached to the sinker, a sixteen-foot steel rod. This is connected with the wire rope by jars and swivel, and suspended from an oscillating walking

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beam which overhangs the shaft. The process of boring is simple so long as the string of tools hangs together, but the wire rope, sockets, jars, sinker, and bit are put to an inordinate strain; and if any of these give the shaft is blocked and work comes to a standstill. Another source of trouble is when the casing of the shaft gives through heavy earth or gas pressure, or the parting of the joints. In any of these emergencies the driller has to lay aside his tools and fish. He may fish for months and not recover the lost part. In that case it is a question of a new shaft and the abandonment of the well — a tragedy of wasted labor, which is the worst thing that can happen to the mining engineer.

I found the Canadian solemnly and patiently fishing while the half-naked Bakhtiaris sat round him wistfully looking for a sign. The trouble had begun two months before with the breaking of the sand-pump, the cylindrical vessel which is lowered after every foot or two of boring to remove the pulverized débris. The pump had broken off and carried away some of the steel rope with it. The driller's first business was to fish for the gear with a tenacious barbed and pronged instrument known as the rope-spear. This he attached to a sinker and let fall heavily among the strands of the cable. He secured his grip, but the pump was so firmly imbedded that it would not give. It was impossible to shift the thing without breaking the line. Heavier machinery had to come into play. So the engineer cut the rope just above the swivel and ran in a series of iron fishing poles with a socket at the end to catch hold of the sinker to which the rope-spear was attached. The bottom pole gave with the socket. Thus the history of the House that Jack built repeated itself, only none of the parts played their part, and every lap in the story was a *coup manqué*. We have now in order from top to bottom — the iron fishing pole with the socket which would not catch the sinker, the swivel and sinker, the rope-spear, the sand-pump, all lying in layers of obstruction some thousand feet underground, blocking up the shaft. It was enough to take the heart out of a man, but the Canadian went on stolidly fishing, and the Bakhtiaris squatted on the floor of the rig looking dully expectant. After a month the Canadian dragged up the sand-pump, which ought by all rules of the game to have been at the bottom of the whole bag of tricks. His next catch was the swivel, which had parted from the sinker. Then he brought up the pole and socket. There remained the sinker and the rope-spear. These, as far as I know, were never recovered. They were probably jammed into the side of the shaft, for when next I heard of the well drilling had been continued. That Canadian fishing for his tools was the most monumental instance of patience and faith I have witnessed.

This particular well may have been sunk to 3,000 feet through hard rock. Such a depth is not abnormal; and rock is preferred to softer strata, for though the drilling is slower the sides of the shaft are more secure and there is less danger of caving in. As a rule the deeper the well is sunk the finer the oil. There are surface wells within a mile or two of the fields, but the oil is too heavy and not in sufficient quantity to make it worth while working them. The oil rises from the bed of the stream or oozes into the water from the banks. The tribesmen have tapped this supply for centuries. They never bore. Their process is to bank up the stream, let the water filter through, and collect the oil in mussaqs. It is conveyed on mules to Shuster, where most of it is converted into bitumen which is used

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for calking boats. It is also valued as a cure for mange, especially among camels. The Lurs and Bakhtiaris are only now beginning to use it for cooking and heating. But the practice is purely local. The Persians still cling to their camel- and cow-dung fuel, and it has never occurred to them to make use of this rich substitute at their doors.

The gorge where the wells rise is an uncanny spot. Entering it one is nearly poisoned by the reek of gas. The gypsum wells on the hillside contain sulphur ore, and it is a positive relief to break off a bit of brimstone, put a match to it, and inhale a different kind of smell. It is the kind of place to give one bad dreams, and one wonders that the superstitious Bakhtiaris can be brought to visit it at all. One might easily be suffocated here and become the prey of djinns, for Nature does not lay bare elements, which are usually decently hidden without mischief or derangement of some kind. One's last vision as the *afrit* carried one away would be of wriggling brown worms and spotted snakes writhing in an opalescent scum.

Yet there are flowers and butterflies and locusts in the valley, insects whose bodies have been dipped in gorgeous dyes of orange, scarlet, and green. I even saw fish steering placidly between the viscous coils of naphtha. Green reeds grew out of the dingy sediment on the banks. The white hollyhocks were in full bloom. They and the mignonette and mullein and larkspur gave the lie to malevolence, unless these were the lure of the djinn, like the rainbow scum on the polluted stream.

No! These hills are not ugly. Neither has man spoiled them. There are even pastoral scenes within half an hour's ride of the workshops. At Chasm Ali you will find the goat-herd by the spring, under the plum tree, and the same flowers — down to the little thistle-like centaury, that covers the Karewas of Kashmir. Near Chasm Ali is Masjid-i-Suliman, the most legend-haunted spot in the Bakhtiari hills. A natural platform projects squarely from the hillside into the plain, and forms the plinth of one of the great fire-temples of ancient Elymais; or such was Rawlinson's conjecture, though the cellars and tombs have not yielded their mystery yet. There is a certain human poetry, too, in the remote colony who are conspiring with the oil in its struggles to reach the upper air. That Canadian with his grave, sad smile standing over the abortive shaft; those wistful, half-naked Bakhtiaris under the derrick looking for a sign that the mysterious agency had been propitiated, offered a group for an artist who understood the drama in which they were engaged. There was poetry here which would have touched a deep vein in MacAndrew's soul. There is nothing to shock an æsthete in the harnessing of Nature in these uplands. The snaky black naphtha roads, the spotted scaly stream in which the surface oil looks like the slime on an alligator's back, the belching fumes, the power house, water tanks, gasometers, derricks, do not depress one as the uglification of pastoral Staffordshire or Warwick. There is no stripping bare of beauty, or hint of ravage. Earth here is not sensitive to wounds. She is naked, elemental, fresh from the chaotic mould. Altogether too big to feel the prickings and borings of machinery.

When I was at Maidan-i-Naftun the topic of the hour among the Bakhtiaris was the exchange of a junior Khan, one Salar-i-Masud, prisoner of war, for the notorious firebrand, Seyyid Isa of Ram Hormuz the most incendiary of Jehadists

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Salar-i-Masud had been fighting for the Turks against the Russians on the Kermanshah side, and when returning to his own country he and his Bakhtiari following had been intercepted by our cavalry on the river Diz. There had been a small action in which a few of the Bakhtiaris had been killed or drowned and two hundred captured. The two Khans and the gendarmerie were retained as prisoners; the others were released.

War in Persia falls into the province of the comic more often than the heroic muse. The Diz battle combined the elements of a circus, a melodrama, and a farce. In addition to our squadron at Shush, and a second which joined them from Ahwaz, we had a small force of friendly Arabs who undertook to cut off the Bakhtiaris' retreat when we attacked. Our cavalry derived much diversion from the antics of these men. Before starting they danced on the sand-hills to give themselves heart; then mounting they galloped round in little circles, calling upon Allah, and firing off their rifles in the air. At the first shot they made off, but they did not entirely desert the scene of action, for after the scrap we found them in the abandoned Bakhtiaris' camp disputing over the loot. The Sagwands, too, a kindred tribe, came in with a delightful Gilbertian touch. They had joined the Bakhtiaris and helped them over the ford, but seeing their friends beaten and the enemy in their settlement, turned on them and actively assisted us in rounding them up. Those of the Bakhtiaris who had not crossed were stripped by their allies on the other side of the river and left stark without a shirt to their backs.

The Bakhtiari himself did not show any better mettle. One has heard a great deal about him as a fighting man, as the 'hardy Persian mountaineer' who has preserved his vigor and independence amid the general decay. But he is no thruster. His military virtues have been much exaggerated. That one squadron at Shush with no support within seventy miles was good enough to deal with any local trouble.

The Sagwands must have done well, for the belts of the prisoners we took were bulging with gold. One of their Khans, Salar-i-Masud, had 2,000 sovereigns on his horse and mule. I should imagine that the Bakhtiaris are not very satisfactory allies in the field. Salar-i-Masud was full of complaints. A German officer had told him to go off and hold a distant bridge head, when his horse was tired, and he had refused. The German was rude, so he decamped with all his men, and what was more, with the Hunnish gold. A currency which was very common in Persia at the time, especially in the neighborhood of Ispahan, was the English sovereign of 1872, a special mintage which was struck for the French to help them to pay off their indemnity to the Hun. These coins were bright and new, for they had lain in the war chest at Spandau for near on forty-four years. The war was a great thing for the Persian. It filled him with gold and importance without responsibility, as well as material for laughter at the fallacies of our Western civilization.

The Bakhtiaris seemed injured and surprised that we should have attacked them. They had no quarrel with the British, they explained; they had joined the Turk to fight their hereditary foe, the Russian. They are a fluctuating political element, and in dealing with them one cannot depend on any central control. They are governed by two Khans, known as the Il Khani and the Il Begi, elected from the leading families for a definite

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period of office. There should be elements of strength in a government that combines the patriarchal and the democratic system, but the authority of the Il Khani and the Il Begi is limited. Some of their following are pro-German because they are anti-Russian; others pro-British because they are anti-Turk. Gold, of course, is the chief incentive. But, whatever the struggle, the tribesmen will have a stake on either side. Whether it be Shah or Constitution, British or German, Bear or Lion, they stand to win in either case. For, whatever happens, one party will come out on top and give the other a hand up. Both will be the stronger for unexpended sinews of war. Naturally enough the Bakhtiaris' vacillating allegiance is secured by the immediate presentment of power, whether in the shape of arms or gold. We asked Salar-i-Masud why he had supported the Kaiser; he explained that he had visited Berlin, Paris, London, and Vienna, with his eyes open, just before the war, and that he had returned with the impression that the Germans were the most warlike nation. In Berlin, he said, every other man you met was a soldier, whereas, in London you hardly ever saw a uniform in the streets. And he described how he saw two troopers in bright armor mounted on guard in a populous part of the city. It was true that they were fine figures of men, and well mounted; but he had only seen these two, and he noticed they were always surrounded by an interested crowd. His conclusion was that a people to whom soldiers are an object of curiosity cannot be a military nation. Doubtless this Khan had material reasons for his conversion to German propaganda.

The Bakhtiaris' sympathies were undoubtedly German, but fortunately their interests are bound up with ours; for there is a great argument in dividends, and the Khans are shareholders in two operating companies controlled by the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. Their income from the wells alone probably exceeds all their combined revenue of State, and it is yearly increasing. It was with no pro-German zeal that they saw the columns of fire and smoke rise up from the pipes which ought to have been feeding the refineries at Abadan. And, in the still more disturbed months, when the Germans were sending out their Mujahidin to preach the Holy War from one end of Persia to the other the Khans were approached again. 'Why be content with shares?' they were asked. 'Come in with us, and the whole of this wealth is yours.' The tribesmen urged that the oil-fields would be of no use to them without the company and the engineers. 'We will work them for you,' the tempter suggested. But the Khans were politely diffident. One old diplomat pointed out to the Huns that they had no ships, and that without a fleet the oil would be valueless, as it could not be sold. It was known throughout the Gulf that we had swept the Germans off the sea. For the disappearance of their flag was a phenomenon which even their political missionaries could not explain away.

All through these troublous times the Bakhtiari were loyal to their contract with the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. The employees in the field were entirely cut off from the south. Two low ranges of hills and the Kharran, the broken ravine country at their foot, altogether a stretch of thirty miles, lay between them and the hostile Bawi who held the road to Ahwaz. The Bawi, with an instinct common to the Arab plainsman, were afraid to enter the hills. They were still more afraid to engage the Bakhtiari. When the

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Bawi proposed a raid on the pipe lines in the Kharran, the Bakhtiari threatened to fall on them, and they desisted. One of the junior Khans remained on the fields throughout all the trouble with a body of fifty Sowars, in addition to the permanent tribal guards. These were for local requirements, and could have been supplemented in case of attack. To the north the tribe was all-powerful, and through their territory the company was in communication with Ispahan.

In supplies the little colony was self-sufficing. They had well-filled storehouses, which provided for emergencies of the kind. But money ran short, and to keep off the shadow of politics and such misgivings as are the invariable accompaniment of discontent, it was necessary that the men should be paid. Arabs and Persians especially would have been deeply suspicious of any financial hitch just at this time. It was here that the Bakhtiaris gave a signal proof of their power and willingness to help. They undertook to convoy three caravan loads of cash, amounting to some million krans, down from Ispahan, fifteen days' journey over the hills. Even in the most settled times a Persian road is not a thoroughfare one would choose for the convoy of treasure, but the Bakhtiari muleteers dumped the boxes down on the office steps at Maidan-i-Naftun as casually as if they had been sacks of coal — fifteen hundred tomans in one box, three thousand tomans on one mule. They had dumped them down by the roadside when they halted twice a day for over a fortnight, and not a kran had been touched or a seal broken.

The Bakhtiaris, whatever their political sympathies, helped us through the early spring troubles in 1915. But the crisis in the autumn was much more serious. The Hun Jehad was spreading south. The Shah was on the point of leaving Teheran. The Bakhtiari representative at Ispahan had been won over, and German emissaries were continually with the Khans in their summer quarters at Chiga-kor, pressing them to come to a decision. They temporized to the last moment, hesitating, as they said, 'to compromise the neutrality of Persia.' No one can be more constitutional than the Bakhtiari when the moment serves. 'Any infringement of our liberty on the part of the British,' was the argument, 'and we are entirely at your service.' And there is not the slightest doubt that if the German *coup d'état* had been brought off at Teheran in November they would have come in against us. This might have meant the abandonment of the oil-fields, as our troops were needed to the last man to reinforce Townshend on the Tigris. The Germans once in Maidan-i-Naftun might have used it as a base for their propaganda in the south. Workshops, power house, engineering plant, everything was on the spot. They might have made an arsenal of it and established wireless. But it is doubtful if they could have stayed there. The entry of Persia would have meant that the main struggle in this theatre of war must have shifted east.

It seemed the result of masterly diplomacy that with no visible emblem of power the Germans were able to persuade the Persians that they were bound to win the war, and that they were stronger than the Russians and the British, whose legions were on the spot. But the campaign was made easy for them by the Persians' hatred of Russia, and in a lesser degree of Great Britain; by the belief, among the tribesmen at least, that the Germans, if not Mahometans, were the champions of Islam; and by a lavish and reckless expenditure of gold on a

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scale that we had never contemplated. The Huns played all these cards. In two days, perhaps one, Persia would have been engulfed, if the Russian troops had not reached Kazvin within a day or two's march of the capital. Their arrival just turned the scale. The young Shah was on the point of joining the hostile confederates at Ispahan when the British and Russian Ambassadors persuaded him to stay and save his country.

Thus the second crisis was passed. I met the inscrutable Khans six months afterwards at Maidan-i-Naftun, and we sat and chatted among the substantial pledges of our entente. The Bakhtiaris must be rather proud of the oil-fields. We had a view of rigs and derricks, belching shafts and chimneys, workshops, power house, stores, palaces, and club — a bit of Staffordshire translated into the most uncompromising wilderness, and it was all in a way solidly Bakhtiari, the fruit of the soil and dividend-bringing — every brick and stone the product of the tableland, all power proceeding from the wells. The Il Begi filled his glass and croaked about the political situation with an amiable twinkle in his eye. 'Verdun est pris.' 'Les Turcs ont repris Erzeroum.' This was meant as friendly badinage; but all the while one could see that his croakings were thoroughly congenial to him. No doubt the Persian leaflet in his pocket contained even more sensational news, how the Mahometans had taken Cairo, and because of this the Irish had rebelled, turned out the English and were fighting for a king, though there were only twelve hundred of them left. But the Il Begi is a shrewd and traveled man and knows what is what. He emptied our three glasses into his own and drank the contents with one gulp. He played the part of jovial cynic, saying that even God was tired of the war. But the Persians were having the time of their lives. It is jolly to light a blaze at which one can warm one's hands, and then discover profit in the embers when one has stamped them out — the profits of arson and salvage at the same time.

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PICKET

BY GRANVILLE BARKER

'You're for picket, sir,' says the orderly.

We have an orderly to clean our barrack room. And for Colonel's inspection on Saturday it certainly is so aggressively clean, so immaculately, protestingly spic and span, that the sight would make any Colonel, you'd think, suspicious of what its state may be on — Thursday, let us say. But he'd never be such a poor sportsman as to turn up then. No; the army is either on parade or off. A Colonel has, it seems, many of the attributes of our childhood's God. The Sergeant-Major stands to him — and us — very much as did our head nurse. But he does not, thank goodness, shake a warning finger and exclaim: 'Children, whatever you are doing the Colonel always sees!' So sometimes that pathetic orderly can get the barrack room clean, and at other times — well, at other times it's Thursday.

The orderly is pathetic because the war has recalled him to barracks. I guess him to have been an ostler in some omnibus stables in civil life. A decaying trade, I suppose, but cheerfuller than this. As we come in from parade he'll eye us as he might his returning horses, though with less favor. Some of us are 'sir' to him, and some are not. It is hard for him to reconcile our anomalous cadethood with any one correct attitude. In the old army etiquette was certain and settled. But at us white-banded-what-d'ye-may-call-ems most of the privates of the permanent cadre wink pallishly. N.C.O.'s may call us rather aggressively by our names, by our Christian names if they know them. We observe of course a stony correctness toward officers, who are as stonily correct in return. For the orderly these considerations are complicated by tips.

He gives a limited hand to cleaning *us*, too. We are more closely inspected, by a long way, than is the room; and, while buttons I can do, and boots I am a fair dab at, pipeclay is for long a mystery to me.* So, when the dread word falls that one of us is for picket or for guard, the helping hand must be unlimited a full hour. The honor of the room will be involved in my appearance for one thing. For another there's my chance of 'getting off.'

'But you won't get off,' says the orderly. 'Picket never does. Give us your boots.'

I give him my boots and search for a clean cap-band.

'A picket from number nine did once,' says the orderly. 'But the guard can't have been up to much. And Fraser in number nine he's for guard to-night. He'll have their kit.'

One man too many, it must be explained, is detailed for picket and guard, and on a preliminary inspection the smartest gets off. Much competition then in smartness; and room number nine has furnished itself, if you please, with a special guard kit, kept immaculate for these occasions.

*Pipeclay properly so-called is out of date. There are selections of patent things, penny tins of them, in the dry canteen nowadays. I fancy some fine war fortunes may have been made out of the cleaning of soldiers' buttons and belts.

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'Everything,' says the orderly, 'boots to gloves.'

And number nine boasts that you'll never find a man from that room on guard.

The orderly does his best by me.

'Here's a better belt than yours,' he says, 'but you might step up here after first relief and put your own on. I'll never get this the same again.'

My left boot balks him.

'Must have put some grease on it somewhere,' he says. 'That's as bright as it'll come. And look at the other! You'd better wear Mr. Bullock's boots.'

'Won't he mind?' I ask.

'He won't mind,' says the orderly.

I leave that barrack room like a *débutante* to her first ball. Woe betide me if I speck my specklessness or blur my shininess. There is mud on my way. I circumvent it, like a cat, walking rather crampedly, I must confess, in Mr. Bullock's perfect boots.

I join the other candidates for 'getting off.' Three of them are at high-water mark of immaculate splendor. The fourth is but humanly correct and clean.

'I'm for it,' he says. 'You chaps — two hours' sweat or tip your orderly half a crown — and then it's a toss up.'

More immaculates arrive, and we mutually inspect each other.

The Sergeant arrives. He falls us in and inspects us, touches us up here and there, is precise as to position of a lanyard. 'And, for Gawd's sake, don't finger your sword like that,' he says. He stands us at ease, and 'shuns' us, and stands us at ease again. *Da capo, da capo, da capo.*

The Orderly Officer arrives. He has a sword which he draws in a deprecating way. We are definitely 'shunned,' and the ordeal begins.

I am glad that a few weeks in the army has taught me not to want too irresistibly to smile on these occasions. But there is something amazingly comic about it. Mrs. Jarley's wax works! Our cap badges, our caps, our white bands. Our jacket collars — are they properly stiffened? (We wear jackets and not tunics, please note, and we stiffen the collars of them.) Our lanyards, our buttons — every button! Our belts — and the jacket is lifted to see that the belt makes no false show. Our gloves, our breeches, our puttees, our boots. I trust he has noticed that our faces are clean. If the Board School question came, 'And have you washed behind your ears?' I should never be surprised.

He is passing at the back of us now. He overlooks me and my neighbor most cursorily. Picket will not 'get off,' that's clear. Spurs are the immediate test, I can feel that — and he's pausing there on the right, pausing rather long. It's a near thing between two of them. Then — 'Lift your feet up,' I hear him say. 'That'll do.' Then, 'Lift your feet up' again. He is looking at the blacking on the insteps of their boots! It *is* a near thing. Then 'Two paces to the rear; march.' Which of the immaculates it is I cannot see; the communist from number nine or another.

The Sergeant marches us off and there is the outgoing guard to face us as we halt, trying to look as if they cared not a damn about being relieved. Their Bombardier says to our Bombardier, 'Since taking over this guard nothing unusual has occurred.' He says it most solemnly. Then we set to partners, and the old guard marches off.

Picket goes to the stables, which are quieting down now for the night. Half a dozen horses are sick. Poor beasts, they have no understanding of it at all, and they turn you such a questioning

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eye. Have *you* done this thing to them?

'Can't you cure me at once, can't you bridle and bit what's wrong and drive it away? But if you can't, oh, do leave me alone.'

One of them has — is it strangles? 'The animal displays a tendency to lie down, and must not be permitted to do so, or in his struggles serious injury may result,' says the textbook. A stableman stood by to prevent him lying down and swore at him, not unkindly, the while. Other things were practised on him, too, which I noted, and in consequence did very well with 'strangles' in the horse-management examination a week later. 'It's an ill wind. . . .'

All's quiet at last, except for the clicking of hoofs and the rattling of chains. The stable bars are up, but doors are to be left open though through this summer night. I fall to trying how slowly I can pace my rounds; how I can vary the going of them. I begin to regret Bullock's boots, since the splendor of them has availed nothing, and my feet ached enough with a day's barrack tramping to start with. Never mind, we are beating the Germans. *I* am beating the Germans. I am beating them by pacing these stables this summer evening in a heavy cap and stiff collar and Bullock's boots. And it is only thus that they can be beaten, only through this that the world can be free again. Whereat I am content and would (God knows!) be more content with more discomfort, content to offer some real sacrifice. But to that test we bring all the use of these seemingly useless things; the hither and thither and up and down; the discipline which is to be an outward and visible sign of the new born military grace within. My patience only springs, when, admitting our every ignorance of military ways, they will not answer to that test.

. . . . . .

It was dark and the searchlights had begun to make their rectilinear patterns in the sky when I was relieved.

I picked up the remnants of a meal. I changed Bullock's beautiful boots for my own and the comparative comfort of them. I settled in a corner of the guard room to read. Green's *English People* is a good war-time book. What we Britons have tumbled through in our time! But a guard room is not the place for reflective reading. I tried my drill book. 'At the command——' and so on for great lengths.

Later came another two hours' tramp round the stables while the barracks went to bed; and I asked them 'who went there?' and they said they were my friends. This time my lantern was a companion of a sort. I looked in on the sick horses, too. They turned uneasily at the swinging light.

'And now,' said I, after second relief, 'I'll get some sleep.' Against orders or not, off come my spurs and my boots and jacket and belt. Woe betide me if we are suddenly 'turned out!' But sleep comes hardly in a guard room. Only the boy trumpeter slept; and he snored, unforgettably, unforgivably. And late-comers tumbled clatteringly in and tumbled clatteringly out, and the atmosphere grew very thick indeed.

I was safely up and out at two. I yawned as I took the lantern; the other picket yawned as he gave it me.

It was a queer two hours that followed.

Darkness but for my lantern. Sometimes a lean cat would slip across the light, searching its prey or its kind.

Silence, but for the noise the horses made. I have a fancy that in these

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quiet hours *thoughts* are born to them — embryo thoughts that perish when any sound or sight brings back their easy servitude again. For here, to-night, I am in common case with them as they stand uneasily in their stalls; and I, threading my path, now this path, now that, till surely one has threaded them all, find even as a horse must find —

'I have bumped this corner of the manger, I have run my nose along it, I have bumped that. I have stretched up till the rope checked, I have stretched down, I have nuzzled that lump of salt wherever it will go. I have stamped with this hoof and that; first, one, two, three, four; now, three two, one, four; then, four, two, three, one; now, one, three, four, two; and so on and on!'

Just so, I pacing my round, counting my steps, lulled by rhythm and by number which is rhythm, fall into some such automatism, out of which (for me certainly) a thought will be born. As now. My mind says Barren Figtree; and then Baron Figtree. (This is from a book of a hundred riddles that I had as a small child:) 'What English nobleman is mentioned in the Bible? Baron Figtree.' Or did they spell it 'Barren.' This unaccountable mental motor within me plays elaborately with delicacies of pronunciation for purposes of a pun. Barron or Baren? Barron Figtree; Baren Figtree. The thing obsesses me for a whole round of stable A. If I don't shake it off I'll be asleep. I stand and stamp the ground and work my neck, stretch it and strain it even as the horses do, that being the recognized safeguard.

At this point of mentality then I am on quite common ground, I do believe, with my stable companions, restless and rhythmic near me. For me, with reasonable human arrogance be it said, it is a descent. This is not true thought, if by thought we mean idea bridged more or less creatively to idea. For them it is the present summit of self-consciousness perhaps.

Number Forty-three there, the off-wheeler, still and attentive; he is not asleep. Something quite alien to fodder, stables, harness — something from beyond all the animal experience that he has fulfilled has settled on his brain — as a fly settles. It makes no movement, no demand, but it is there, a strange, insistent, troubling thing. Presently it will fly away, and with relief he'll fall to his instinctive round again. But back and back it will come to him, and to his generations, in differing and developing forms, till a memory is created and questioning begins; and questioning brings answer, and from that grows.

To-night (this is the complement of my fancy), I, sleepy on my round, have been back to that point from which Forty-three, he and all his kind, are moving, ever moving upward in the scale of things.

. . . . . .

And so, it being four o'clock, comes my relief. I seek the guard room; as I pass the sentry he gives me a wry grin.

There, on the little hammock beds let down, lie the 'spare parts' of this machinery of watch and challenge. But really, says the unregenerate civilian in me, one policeman would do the whole job more efficiently and with much less chatter.

The light is very dim, the air all blind with smoke; and — oh, but they do reach the very extreme of ugliness as they lie there. Only the trumpeter boy redeems the group, and he still snores.

There's anarchy in sleep. There's the damned truth of the world without false shame, false pride. Whence has had to come much regimenting, much

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etiquette and law and war. For the hardness of our hearts? For the slackness of our souls and the feebleness of our minds?

To picture the true worth of our wise men, picture them asleep. The House of Commons and the House of Lords, all unreservedly asleep. The Cabinet, the Bench of Bishops, the War Office — snoring. Carlyle saw them naked and it soured his mind to them forever. See them asleep and snoring, it might well dip you in despair.

I step gingerly to the spare hammock bed and lay myself down. Soon, as upon Forty-three, the off-wheeler, settles the obsessing image of such an idea, as, waking him, should welcomely bring sleep to me. But some too tired part of my brain perversely combats it, leaving poor *me* the helpless battleground till —

The small trumpeter has tumbled up to help blow reveille. I tumble up at the sound, for once a welcome sound. Cap, boots, spurs, British warm, and blanket; Green's *English People* and my gloves, I tumble off with them and to my barrack room again.

Another day begun; of hither and thither and up and down.

Reveille

THE SAILOR

BY H. G. D.

Back to your lips across the whole broad world,
Back to the same dear lips which kissed 'Good-bye,'
Mother, I came: and now they are no more.

What though from Universe to Universe,
Some day I follow whither you have gone
Unresting, till I find your lips again?

I cannot find them now when I go home:
I only find the memory of them,
And the memory of my coldness and your tears.

The Poetry Review

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ECONOMICS, TRADE, AND FINANCE

BOLSHEVIKI AS CAPITALISTS

WRITING recently to the *Morning Post* on Russian affairs, I quoted the Bolshevik politician Chudskayeff's heretical opinion that soviet nationalization would after all prove to be only 'nonsense.' The reasons for M. Chudskayeff's view I gave with facts and figures. The Supreme Council of National Economy, which is the ultimate authority in these grave matters, is now rushing headlong into a new system, which indicates that though one cannot undo 'nonsense' already done, one may correct it. The new move is back toward capitalism, not indeed to what Lenine in an excellent speech calls 'the predatory side of capitalism,' but toward 'the, by us, unfortunately, neglected organizatory side.' In other words, private individuals are still to be forbidden to make profits, but the methods by which these private individuals made profits in pre-Bolshevik days are to be restored, and the profit is to be turned into the pocket of the State. And even, it seems, large private incomes are sometimes to be tolerated, for Lenine, in his *New Problems of Soviet Power*, admits that an expert factory director may be paid as much as 100,000 rubles a year.

'State capitalism,' the form which was emphatically rejected by the majority of the recently-dispersed German Socialization Commission, is Bolshevism's latest expedient. *It means the exploitation of workmen to an extent to which they were not exploited by the least merciful private capitalists in modern times.* Further, it is directly contrary to the Syndicalist-Bolshevik trend elsewhere in Europe. While industrial workmen in Norway are demanding the elimination from their collective wage agreements of the provision that the employer 'directs and distributes work,' the Russian Supreme Council of Economy is depriving the workmen of their supposed elementary right to 'direct and distribute work.' But necessity knows no law. The last Russian newspapers received by me contain abundant evidence that only by compromising with 'Capitalism,' by becoming *plus capitaliste que les capitalistes*, can the Government of People's Commissaries survive — if it can survive at all. For instance, the new half-yearly budget (January-June, 1919) shows that the estimated expenditure is 49,100,000,000 rubles, as compared with 17,602,727,444 rubles for the corresponding half of 1918.

And there are other facts. The official *Ekonomitcheskaya Zhizn* states that in some cities the population is so badly off for metal goods that they pull down wooden houses for the sake of the nails, screws, locks, the roofing-lead, and the drainage pipes. Nails, says this journal, cost 700 rubles per pound; tinned kitchen utensils average 450 rubles per pound; enameled iron utensils, 600 rubles per pound; and the thin brass plates, usually about eighteen inches square, which are nailed to dwelling-room floors in front of Dutch stoves, change hands at 270–300 rubles each. The raw materials — pig-iron and copper — used in the construction of a locomotive at the Putiloff works cost 170,000 rubles. But, according to M. Hessen, formerly editor of the *Riech*, the one locomotive started on since Bolshevism seized

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power is not yet finished. There is plenty more material as to the complete collapse of nationalized industry. And it is the same with nationalized trade. The Bolshevik Commissary, Molotoff, complained to the party conference at Petrograd that of the state stores in Petrograd 380 are closed and sealed.

The cause everywhere is idleness, or, as it is politely expressed, 'fall-off in *per capita* production.' This is the motive which has induced Lenine, backed, it seems here, by Trotzky, Chicherin, and Lunacharsky, to resort to capitalistic methods. The move has gone so far that the less compromising Bolsheviki — Kameneff, Zinovieff, and, it seems, the Commission for Combating Counter-Revolution — have begun to regard Lenine and his friends as themselves 'counter-revolutionaries.' When Lenine in January restored freedom of trade except in bread, salt, sugar, and vegetable fats, the ultra-Communist newspapers of Petrograd openly attacked him as a traitor to the Bolshevik cause. And there is the same tendency now. It began when Lenine in the pamphlet mentioned demanded severe factory discipline, the subordination of employees to expert managers and technicians, piece-work, payment by results, and even the 'Taylor System,' which the enslaved workman of backward Western Europe has managed to resist. 'Whereas until now,' said Lenine, 'the workmen have been autocratic masters of the factories and workshops, the interests of the revolution and of the workmen themselves demand the absolute submission of employees to the manager of each industrial enterprise.' And Trotzky, in a speech which I have not seen, but which is quoted in the Berlin *Vorwärts*, said that:

> All your elected committees, even though they contain the working-class' best representatives . . . cannot replace a single technical expert with special school training. . . . The working-class must now understand when it is necessary to submit to the expert . . . no capable and talented expert can do his work if he is made subordinate to a committee of workingmen who do not know the expert's work.

No one can accuse the Bolsheviki of lack of daring. When they decided 'Self-Government in the Factory' had failed they set about establishing the alternative, 'Autocracy in the Factory,' with unshrinking zeal. As far as one can judge from scattered references in the irregularly received Bolshevik newspapers, two systems were adopted. In some factories the detested piece-work is enforced, and in some the old system of payment by hour, day, or month is retained, combined with the new rule of a minimum output and a premium payment for output above the minimum. Workmen who fail to reach the minimum are dismissed or reduced to a lower wage scale. The minimum output and premium-payment system has been introduced into the Tula small-arms and cartridge works and into several Moscow factories, including boot and clothing works. According to the *Golos Rossiyi*, the innovation produced 'consternation and a sentiment of revolt.' This is natural enough, for I find in the official *Ekonomitcheskaya Zhizn* that 'idling was universal' and that the employees refused to understand that 'production is the imperative interest of the proletariat,' and, as I wrote in my last letter on Russian Nationalization, the workmen usually managed to do as they like, and even to draw pay while they were on strike. All this changed — at least in certain works. It appears there were some protest strikes, but the remorseless Soviets, in the best 'capitalistic' tradition, put on the hunger screw, and payment by piece, and the almost equally infamous

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minimum output and premium-payment system, are now in force.

And with the inevitable result. The workmen began to work — pretty badly, one may suspect, but much better than before. In Tula, according to the Labor leader Tomsky's statement to M. Puntervold, a Norwegian lawyer-Socialist who visited Moscow, there was an increase of 50 per cent in the production. M. Puntervold got other statements as to the favorable influence on output. The official *Ekonomitcheskaya Zhizn* records also a heavy increase of *per capita* productivity in metallurgical works. 'In some men for the first time was observed even a zeal to earn as much money as possible.' But the new discipline was strict, much stricter than the 'self-limitation on comradely initiative,' which Trotzky required. When in the Third Moscow Clothing Factory 'comradely initiative' took the form of insistence by the employees' committee on dismissal of an unpopular but efficient chief, Red Guards were marched into the factory and the workmen were marched out.

Long ago the Soviets forbade strikes, calling them a form of treason against the proletariat. But all along strikes took place, and they take place even now. The 'capitalistic' innovation here introduced is merely that strikers are no longer paid. And the Supreme Council has dared to decree prolonged lockouts. Lately the 2,000 workmen of the nationalized Bogatyr Rubber Works defied orders and struck repeatedly because the State employer paid them only 1,000 rubles a month, whereas, their former private employers had paid them 1,500. The State employer settled the question by closing the factory down. And the State has also practically annihilated the trades unions. That is, it has absorbed them, or taken them under its protection and tamed them, quite in the way of Plehve, Trepoff, and other stalwarts of autocracy, who by this means tried to divert working-class movements into harmless channels. The Bolshevik State has succeeded in identifying the labor unions with the State industrial control; and the humble function of the unions to-day is to increase production, and thus support the State in its struggle against the industrial worker's idleness and license. The 'Manchester Labor Union,' as the Bolshevik Kozelieff derisively calls the Western-European type of trades union borrowed by Russia after the revolution, has vanished forever. Instead, there is a paternal and wholly consistent State industrial despotism. Or rather that is the aim. The new system has been only partially carried through. But its success so far indicates that Bolshevism will persevere.

The Morning Post

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE WAR DEBT

A NATIONAL debt of about £8,000,000,000 is the governing fact of our political and economic situation at the close of the war. Few people give heed to it. Our politicians and our trade unionist leaders ignore it. Nor, indeed, is it easy for anyone to realize the meaning of a debt the interest on which is twice as large as the whole revenue of the State before the war. The public seems to accept the fact in much the same philosophic vein as the spendthrift who takes a pride in having run through a fortune. We have raised the money somehow and spent it, and only a very great country could have incurred such a debt. It is time, however, that we began to consider the matter soberly, and to adjust our national policy to our very lean national purse. Mr. Allen's little book, a

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model of lucid statement and sane argument, comes opportunely to make people think. He shows that many of our troubles arise from the reluctance of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George to impose heavy war taxes during the first year of the war. They chose the seemingly easier way, which was also the German way, of financing the war from loans, which, it was comfortably assumed, posterity would pay. Unfortunately, as it has turned out. the real burden has not been shifted from the back of the present generation. The taxpayers, during the first year of the war, spent their surplus income on non-essentials instead of being required to give it to the government. The armies of munition workers received high wages, out of borrowed money, and spent them freely in competition with the wealthier classes. As the production of goods for the home market could not be increased, in view of the government's immense demands on behalf of the navy and army, prices naturally rose rapidly after October, 1914. It was to be expected that foodstuffs and other necessaries would become dearer, as the fighting men had to be supplied. But prices generally need not have risen if the consumption of non-essentials had been discouraged by heavy taxation. As it was, prices went up higher and higher, wages rose in proportion, the State had to pay far more for everything than it need have done, and the taxpayer, while apparently escaping from war taxes for the time being, was assuming far greater liabilities than he dreamed of. The 'profiteering,' of which there has been and still is much random talk, was in the first place the natural result of a mistaken financial policy and of the crazy motto 'Business as usual' during the early months of the war. When Mr. McKenna succeeded Mr. Lloyd George as Chancellor of the Exchequer and began seriously to increase taxation in September, 1915, it was too late to repair the fatal error of the preceding year.

Mr. Allen disproves the current assertion that 'the propertied classes' have profited by the war. The manufacturers working for the government, and, of course, the munition workers, miners, and others, have profited greatly. 'The war debt has been incurred mainly in order to pay inflated rates to the wage-earners, not to pay inflated profits to the owners of property.' Owners of land and houses seem to have gained a little, in so far that the money value of their property is larger than before. But those whose savings were invested in gilt-edged securities have lost about half what they possessed in 1914, apart altogether from the heavy income tax and super tax, which have hit them very hard. Money, through excessive inflation by the issue of paper, now has little more than half its pre-war value,as expressed in goods. The war has in fact made a silent but most drastic 'levy on capital.' The suggestion that the national wealth has increased from £16,000,000,000 to £20,000,000,000 during the war, and that the excess could be applied to the reduction of the debt, is and must be misleading. A moment's reflection will show that a country engaged in a world-war involving an expenditure of millions a day could not possibly grow richer in the process. If that were so, Germany and Austria, besides ourselves, ought to be exceedingly prosperous just now. Indeed, if war were a short cut to national wealth, the task of the League of Nations would be hopeless at the outset. What has happened is that the British paper sovereign has come to be worth ten shillings, at the old peace standard, and the

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'propertied classes' accordingly have lost half their capital. Mr. Allen supports his argument by reference to the super-tax return of October last, which shows, if allowance be made for higher income tax and reduced purchasing power, that the net income of super-tax payers with over £3,000 a year declined from £207,000,000 in 1914–15 to £114,000,000 in 1916–17. The *Bankers' Magazine* list of three hundred and eighty-seven select securities for the same date showed a decline in the market value from £3,370,709,000 in July, 1914, to £2,794,542,000, which, allowing only a third for the fall in the value of money, represented an actual loss of nearly half the total. Capital has not benefited by the war. The proposed 'levy on capital' is objectionable for many reasons. Mr. Allen at any rate shows that it cannot be supported on the ground that the capitalist has profited by the conflict that has cost us so much.

There is only one safe way of dealing with the debt. *That is to increase the taxes and to work harder in order to pay them.* Mr. Allen, who, as Honorary Secretary of the Committee appointed by the Economic Section of the British Association, has given much time to the study of war finance since 1915, is not content to criticize, but puts forward a scheme for an improved income tax. He rightly maintains that every citizen ought to pay a direct tax, and that it is an undemocratic system under which only the minority pays. He starts from the minimum of £75 a year on which a single man can live, and would tax all incomes above that level, allowing the abatement of £75 to every taxpayer. He would give a further abatement of £50 to the married man, with an abatement of £25 for each child or dependent. With these deductions, he would tax the first £500 of all incomes at a uniform rate of 4*s.* in the pound, and the second £500 at a uniform rate of 6*s.* in the pound, with a graduated increase on incomes over £1,000. The plan has merits, especially in its comprehensiveness, its elasticity, and its very just discrimination in favor of the man with a wife and family. Mr. Allen is inclined to disapprove of the distinction between 'earned' and 'unearned' incomes, but he suggests that the rate for 'earned' income should be a fifth less than for 'unearned.' The reform of the income tax is long overdue, and must soon be taken into serious consideration. Some such plan as Mr. Allen's would distribute the burden more fairly, though we should add that he contemplates a heavier tax than that which is now in operation, yielding nearly £500,000,000 a year, or a sixth of the whole national income.

The Spectator

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TALK OF EUROPE

THE *Education of Henry Adams*, published in England by Constable, has already attracted there unusual attention. In addition to the paper from the *Spectator* recently printed by THE LIVING AGE, there have been long reviews by Moreton Frewen and Shane Leslie. The following paragraph is from the pen of Edmund Gosse.

'No greater contrast can be conceived than that between the rustic contentment of "Uncle Remus" and the world-weary discontent of Henry Adams. The *Education* was written in 1905, and a few copies were privately printed and much discussed; the author being now dead, it is given to the world, to which it will probably be what Wordsworth calls a thankless boon. Henry Adams was oppressed from early childhood by the power and multitude of his family, which was all compact of statesmen and diplomatists. He was the grandson of one President of the United States and the great-grandson of another; his father, whose fourth son he groaned at being, was a Vice-President and Minister to the Court of St. James's. Henry Adams was overwhelmed by the activity and public prominence of his relatives; "a cruel universe combined to crush a child," he puts it, rather melodramatically. His autobiography is a very ambitious attempt to revenge his own individuality, to struggle up into the outer light through the choking pressure of public surroundings. It is extremely intelligent and presents a curious and unusual attitude of mind, but the strain of its sarcasm is painful, and the effect of it disconcerting. Henry Adams tasted all the wisdom of the world, and found it vanity.

'La Rochefoucauld says that "If we had no pride ourselves we should not be always complaining of the pride of others." Henry Adams was a successful and an assiduous historian, but he scarcely speaks of his own writings; he was an admired professor at Harvard, but he tosses his work there aside with a sneer. Competent as he proves himself, there is yet a taint of false humility in his excess of candor. He was secretary to the American Embassy of his father in London through the dark years before and during the Civil War. The position was a trying one, yet it hardly justified the venom with which Henry Adams speaks of English society and of the English race in general. In social relations he had the taciturnity of those who are sensitive to excess, and he found the cheerfulness of our race insupportable. *The Education of Henry Adams* is a book which will be read with curiosity, for its intelligence, its penetration, and the broad cosmopolitan experience of its author, but it will be read with pain. It is the sombre revelation of a nature hardly master of itself.

'From a lower point of view, it suffers from two disadvantages. First, certain affectations, such as invariably speaking of the author in the third person. Secondly, the refusal, from sheer haughtiness, to indulge the curiosity of the reader about innumerable persons of importance whom the author had known. For instance, we are told in a single casual phrase, that Henry Adams visited Robert Louis Stevenson "under the palms of Vailima," but not another remark is vouchsafed.

'Even more exasperating is the statement that he was "much in Lord Robert Cecil's house in the days of his struggle and adversity" — and not a word more. This must have been between 1861, when Henry Adams arrived in England, and 1865, when Lord Robert became Lord Cranborne, a most interesting and obscure period in the career of the future Lord Salisbury. These reticences on the part of Henry Adams are the more tiresome because on the very rare occasions when he deigns to describe, he is admirable. Nothing could be better done than his picture of a house-party at Fryston in 1862, where he met Swinburne, Stirling of Keir, and Laurence Oliphant. But even this is spoiled by the autobiographer's

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self-consciousness. Houghton and his guests were evidently as kind as possible to the young diplomatist all the time, but Henry Adams was sure that they were looking upon him as "an American-German barbarian ignorant of manners"! Thus gratuitously does pride turn its knife in its own bosom.'

APROPOS of the recent troubles in Egypt, the *Contemporary Review* prints an interesting note by Miss M. E. Durham, whose 'Travels in Trueland' was recently reprinted in THE LIVING AGE. The native Egyptian, the despised 'Gyppy' is *peu sympathique* to most people, but, after all, he ought to have fair play.

'I was in Egypt from November, 1915, to April, 1916, and can confirm Dr. Haden Guest in his statement that it is to our own treatment of the Egyptians that we owe the present trouble. The authorities were certainly to blame in landing Colonial troops in Egypt without carefully instructing them as to the population they would meet there. So ignorant were numbers of these men that they imagined that Egypt was English, and that the natives of the land were colored intruders. "Why were these —— niggers allowed in here at all."

'More than one Australian said that he would clear the lot out if he had his way. They treated the natives with cruelty and contempt. In the canteen in which I worked a very good native servant was kicked and knocked about simply because he did not understand an order given him by a soldier. An educated native in the town was struck in the mouth, and had his inlaid walking stick forcibly snatched from him by a soldier who wanted it. More than one English resident said to me: "It will take years to undo the harm that has been done here by the army." Personally I felt that were I an Egyptian I should have spared no effort to evict the British. I felt ashamed of my country — bitterly ashamed. The opinion of the native for the soldier was amusingly illustrated by a small conversation book, one phrase of which was to the effect: "You fool. What for you spend all your money on beer?" And a dialogue with a beggar which ended: "I am poor; I am miserable"; to which the Briton replied: "Go to hell."

'I spoke with great severity frequently to the soldiers, telling them that by their conduct they were proving themselves the enemies of England; that the Germans maltreated the enemy, but that they were attacking their own side and would make enemies. This surprised them very much. They were absolutely ignorant of the situation.

'To make matters worse, for the first few days after the troops arrived in quantities, the drink shops were all open all day, and the unlovely results filled the natives with disgust and contempt. It was reported, I do not know with what truth, that drunken men had snatched the veils from Moslem women. The tale was believed by the natives.

'Small wonder if they hate and dread us.'

THE soldier who is thirsting for a return to civilian life simply for the chance that it will afford him to fight his company sergeant unpunished, is a stock figure in army jokes and army life. But suppose that the private soldier after his return to 'civies,' undertakes to bring suit against his superior officer, for wrongs done him while in the army?

A case of this nature is now before the English Courts. Says the *Observer:* 'Legal arguments were continued in the King's Bench Division with reference to the case in which Mr. Christopher Heddon, solicitor, of Ripon and Harrogate, is seeking damages from his former commanding officer in the R.A.S.C., Major G. C. Evans, for alleged slander, malicious prosecution, and false imprisonment. Major Evans denied all the allegations, and urged that he was only acting in discharge of his military duties.

'Mr. Watson, for the plaintiff, resumed his answer to the contention of Mr. Tindal Atkinson, K.C., that an action would not lie against the defendant in the Civil courts for something done in connection with military discipline. Mr. Watson held that the decided cases were not analogous to the present action. They only applied to questions affecting military discipline and military duty. It was no offense for the

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plaintiff, though a private, to make a complaint to the defendant against another officer.

'Mr. Justice McCardie said that if an officer who proceeded against a man for breach of good order were subsequently proved to have been wrong, it could not surely be suggested that he would be liable for false imprisonment. If that were so, no officer would be safe, and he did not see how an officer could carry out his duties. It was obvious that in a case where a man might, for the purpose of embarrassing his superiors, make frivolous complaints, knowing them to be unfounded, an officer might have the right of proceeding against him. If he could not proceed against him for a breach of good order and discipline, what could he do?

'Mr. Watson replied that he might be dealt with under the head of mutiny.

'His Lordship remarked that there would be no question of mutiny.

'Counsel submitted that in this case the whole of the military proceedings were invalid through failure to carry out the regulations provided under the Army Act.

'His Lordship said he would consider his judgment. It was a case of great interest and one of great public importance. He thanked all the counsel engaged for the ability with which they had assisted him by their arguments.

To be quite abreast of the times Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son have prepared a booklet, *Aerial Travel for Business or Pleasure*, announcing their appointment as official passenger agents for the principal companies operating aerial lines. The letterpress and many illustrations suggest the safety and comfort with which, it is contended, aerial journeys may be made in machines expressly adapted for passenger traffic.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Gilbert Murray, Professor of Greek at Oxford, historian, critic, and translator, has lately been chosen to represent the University in Parliament.

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Emile Cammaerts, statesman and critic of politics, is one of the most sympathetic figures of modern Belgium.

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Katharine Tynan, novelist and poet, is best known to American readers for her stories and poems of Irish life.

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Theodor Wolff is one of the best-known Berlin journalists.

St. John Ervine, dramatist and novelist, sometime manager of the Abbey Theatre, has now abandoned the stage for general journalism.

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Sir Sidney Lee is the author of the biographical notice of King Edward in the *Standard Dictionary of National Biography*.

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Granville Barker, playwright and manager, will be remembered in America for *Prunella*, and his strange but lovely production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

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POPPY-SEEDS SENT FROM THE EAST

BY VIOLA MEYNELL

Traveled here in their winter sleep
The young wild Eastern poppies keep
Their eyelids closed. They nothing know
Where is this land they lie in now.
They have no doubt they will arise
And open their faint-colored eyes
To see what they have always seen
In the parched lands where they have been.
Here in their bed they dream that they
Shall see their Oriental day
And breathe their golden Arab air
And know their land and find it fair.
Oh! how their dream haunts night and day
Oh! heavy dream, why will it stay?
Why must the gentle garden seem
Heavy with the poppies' dream!
It fills the space; we may not be
As we have been. My air, my tree,
My kin, my homely birds, my grass,
Oh, hearken all how we must pass,
Oh, far from what we were before!
My fruits, my flowers, we are no more.
We fade away, my roof, my land;
The dream's too strong, we cannot stand.

We change into the burning waste of dust,
The dry sand's waterless and pathless way,
Thin to the hungered, where the light dead must
Lie loose in light graves hardly dark at day.

Listen, we fade, we are not what we are.
Behold, we are the nomad wandering free,
Athirst and wild. The dawn's horizon far
Is this night's hearth. Where'er we go may be
Death or this grudging life, as Ullah will.
See what we are now while the poppies dream,
The tent whose unreal shade within is still
Bright with the torture of the sun's fierce beam.
We are the wandering herds that searching stray,
The little goat upon the mountain-side,
Cropping the lean, harsh forage of wild hay,
Who has not learned to drink; the liquid-eyed
Strong camel bearing burden in the noon,
Who sleepeth never but will all the night
Pasture her bread from bushes in the moon.

Listen, we are the watch-fires burning bright
Where sheikh and tribesmen crouch encircled now,
And make their scant feast in the hunger-land.
And oh! *habêb*, beloved, listen thou!
We are an ancient passion in the sand!

The New Statesman

FAIRY TALE

BY ELIZABETH STANLEY

Now folds the Tree of Day its perfect flowers,
And every bloom becomes a bud again,
Shut and sealed up against the golden showers
Of bees that hover in the velvet hours. . . .
Now a strain
Wild and mournful blown from shadow towers,
Echoed from shadow ships upon the foam,
Proclaims the Queen of Night.
From their bowers
The dark Princesses fluttering, wing their flight
To their old Mother, in her huge old home.

The Athenæum

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